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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1910.

The Week.

The insurgent cause in Washington is distinctly looking up. It has now achieved the clear and general recognition of the fact that Speaker Cannon has become an intolerable burden to the Republican party. Even his warmest friends concede that he can never be Speaker again. If he were to announce that he would not seek that office in the next Congress, it would only be making a virtue of necessity. And if he refuses thus to take himself out of this year's Congressional elections as an issue, the loss of the next House stares the Republicans in the face. More and more of the members of the "organization" are admitting this. They declare bitterly that the attacks on Cannon are most unjust, yet the effects they cannot blink. Even the faithful Dalzell is now said to be shaken, and to think that the Speaker will have to make the great sacrifice. It is rather strange to find such hardened politicians hesitating at all. They are the great political realists. They have always preached the gospel of acting on facts, not on theories or sentiment. To urge a course upon them as right has been in vain unless you could show them that right made votes. Well, here they are with the votes obviously slipping away from them, yet they stop to talk about the cruel wrong of the assaults on the Speaker. Are Dalzell and Payne and Dwight suddenly to become idealists?

He would be a bold and rash man who should undertake to characterize any particular act of the Democratic party as the most inexcusable piece of folly and stupidity that it has committed for years; we shall not therefore undertake to make this assertion in regard to the selection of Congressman Rainey of Illinois by the Democratic caucus as one of the two members of the party to serve on the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee. The only thing, so far as we are aware, for which Rainey is known in the country at large is his having made a blatherskite speech in Congress, putting forward absolutely baseless charges of corruption in connection with the Panama purchase. That those charges affected the brother of President Taft—and, if we are not mistaken, even the President himself, more or less—happens to aggravate the case, but it is by no means the main point. The main point is that this man, who is now singled out by his sapient fellow-Democrats to represent them in an investigation imperatively requiring judicial impartiality, is notorious for having made utterly irresponsible and wanton charges in a set speech on the floor of the House, and then having done nothing whatever to back them up when they were denied and proved baseless. The union of the insurgent Republicans with the Democrats gave the minority party such an opportunity as has rarely come to it. But it insists on using this opportunity for performing the utterly superfluous operation of once more writing itself down an ass.

In appointing Henry S. Graves, director of the Yale Forestry School, as Chief Forester in succession to Mr. Pinchot, President Taft has shown a strong desire to keep that branch of the public service up to its previous level of intelligence and efficiency. Of course, no new man can have the ear of the country as Mr. Pinchot had. And people will be entirely right in keeping a watchful eye upon the Forestry Bureau to see if there is to be any letting down in its methods.

It is a rare day, these times, that does not bring to notice some aspect of the problem of advancing prices and cost of living; and it is a rare instance that does not present some complexity peculiar to itself, and thus illustrate the difficulty of the problem as a whole. Two such statements have just appeared, each interesting in its own way. One is an elaborate exhibit coming from the railway interests, and designed to show that, while the cost of supplies and the cost of labor have both increased about 30 per cent. in ten years, freight receipts per ton-mile and passenger rates per mile have remained about stationary; and that there are no further increase of wages can be made without raising railway rates. The argument is clearly not conclusive. The question whether a railway is operated profitably, or how profitably, turns not only on the level of rates, but also on how fully its plant is kept in use; and as a matter of fact everybody knows that, in spite of higher prices and higher wages, the railways have been doing vastly better in recent years than they did ten years ago. The other statement to which we refer is that announcing the change of the architect's commission from 5 per cent. to 6 per cent. In this case, one is curious to know why the automatic increase in the commission due to the increase in the cost of building was not sufficient to offset the increase in the architect's expenses. A reason is assigned in the greater complexity of the architect's duties, and probably this is quite sufficient; but it is very interesting—and very human—that the fact of the automatic increase is entirely overlooked.

Gov. Hughes has confirmed the report of his decision not to accept another nomination for the Governorship. He puts the matter in a way that has to be taken as final. The reason he assigns for determining to return to the practice of the law is that he is in duty bound to make provision for those dependent upon him. Against this nothing can be said—especially by those who have refused to make the salary of the Governor of New York large enough to admit of the office being held by a man without private means to draw upon. There is, however, a sense in which it will not be possible for Mr. Hughes to retire to private life. He may refuse to hold office, but he will remain a public character. It is inconceivable that his fellow-citizens will not call upon him from time to time for advice and moral impulse in great questions. He could not if he would refrain from using his high prestige to serve the public.

The board of directors of the American Sugar Refining Company, in its report for the year 1909, takes occasion to say, in regard to the weighing frauds, that it "has no reason to believe, and does not believe, that any executive offi-

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cer or director of this company had any knowledge of or participation in this fraudulent underweighing." Possibly this may suffice to make the stockholders comfortable in their minds. But the directors expressly assign as one of their motives in making the report "the legitimate interest which the public has" in the affairs of the company, and the desire to "correct the widespread misrepresentation and unjust criticism to which it has been subjected"; and it is therefore pertinent to remark that what the directors do *not* believe can go but an extremely small way toward affecting public opinion in the case. What is it that the directors *do* believe? What is their theory of the way in which those corset-steels got into those seventeen holes in the seventeen weighing-machines? If no executive officer or director of the company knew about the frauds, who was it that caused them to be committed? Why has not the company been doing the one obviously necessary thing to throw the guilt from its own shoulders? Why has it not exposed the true authors of the crime? Mere non-resistance to the Government's inquiry, to which they point with pride, is but a small part of what the situation called for.

Meanwhile the swift indictment of the secretary of the Sugar Trust is a startling reply to the assertions of its board. Indictment, of course, does not mean conviction. Innocent men are frequently indicted. But the success of the Government's prosecution heretofore makes it likely that it is on this occasion also well fortified with facts. In either case, the Trust's management is gravely indicted in the public eye; for only incompetent or corrupt managers can have rascally subordinates—to the profit of their company—for a long term of years. We have no desire to see Mr. Heike convicted merely as a victim to popular clamor. But if he is guilty, his conviction will do a world of good. The doctrine, so widely held, that rich rascals are immune while poor ones go to jail is less warmly cherished now that Charles W. Morse resides in the Atlanta penitentiary. It will still further be weakened if one of the men higher up in the Sugar Trust should don a prison suit. At any rate, the Trust which complains that it must advertise in order to get its side before the public is now to have its day in court—to prove its innocence if it can.

The bill against the "white-slave" traffic, which was passed by the House last week, is particularly to be commended in respect of the severity of the penalty that it prescribes. There are some crimes in regard to which the all-important matter is that the punishment that they invite shall be so terrible as clearly to offset any inducement to their commission; and this is eminently a case of that kind. The vile creatures who practise it do so in cold-blooded calculation and not under the stress of sudden temptation or necessity. Let it once become generally known that to be caught really means ten years' imprisonment at hard labor, and there will soon be nothing left of this infamy. That is what the Federal bill provides for any participation in the traffic so far as it is connected with interstate transportation. But so far from relieving State and city authorities from the need of vigorous prosecution of the matter, the enactment of the Federal law should serve only to intensify their determination. This is not a thing which must be tolerated in view of the weaknesses of human nature, but, on the contrary, a thing which it is disgraceful not to stamp out utterly. State laws should provide penalties of the utmost severity for it, and police, prosecuting, and judicial officers should apply the laws in their fullest rigor. A sentence of six months in the workhouse is absurdly mild for a crime second to none in loathsomeness and iniquity.

The science of flight moves on towards perfection in accordance with the same law of vicissitude that guides every kind of progress. Last year's triumphs of the aeroplane in France were followed by a succession of disasters which must have chilled the bright anticipations of many an aviation enthusiast. But within a few days after the death of Delagrange, one of the pioneers of heavier-than-air flight, hope rises high once more with Paulhan and Curtiss at Los Angeles. In their performances the two men have shown themselves true to type. Curtiss, like the good American he is, concentrates his efforts on speed. He has risen from the ground faster than any of his rivals, and has made the fastest lap around a measured course. He has left it to Paulhan, the Frenchman, to soar above the clouds, cover great distances, and risk his neck in a dozen feats of bravura. Yet taken together, the work of these two men has shown that the aeroplane is being steadily broken to safer use. The ancient difficulties with false starts, halting motors, and bad propellers seem almost to have disappeared for the experienced man-bird. On the navigator's skill much still depends. But nerve and pluck are not rare qualities, and if aeroplanes are to be for a long time amenable only to the expert, no one, except the ambitious rich amateur, will complain. We live in an age of guidance by experts.

In the Chicago *Evening Post* there is a eulogy of the late Dean Ames of the Harvard Law School, by Merritt Starr. The writer lays stress upon the qualities which made Professor Ames no less the successful head of a great school than a great legal scholar. In our big, hulking universities the emotional element that binds the student to his alma mater during college days and after, centres largely about the figure of the dean. "Prexy" goes about the country making learned addresses, but the dean stays at home and winks a more or less indulgent eye over cuts and deficiencies, and intrenches himself in undergraduate hearts. "Prexy's" familiar diminutive and the fact that the dean has none by no means represent the ratio of true affection in which the two men are held by their students. Just what "Van Am" has been to Columbia men, what Shaler and Briggs have been at Harvard, few university presidents have ever succeeded in being. They may command five hundred professors and six thousand students with two-million-dollar budgets, and thirty-million-dollar endowments, and speak at a hundred banquets a year, but they have given up for it much of that human relationship which our colleges should hold in store for the student.

Canada's navy is at last launched—on paper. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has explained the Government's proposal to the Parliament at Ottawa. The Canadian navy is to consist of eleven ships to be built at a cost of $16,000,000—obviously not Dreadnoughts! Even the five cruisers and six destroyers will, the Premier

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admitted, cost 35 per cent. more than the above figure, if the vessels are built at home. Yet if we know the stuff of which Canadian protectionists are made, they will insist upon having all their warships labelled, "Made in Canada." Like some of our own naval patriots, they would consider it more important to build ships than to have them. Behind the navy, however, lies the question of its control and use. Sir Wilfrid represented the naval policy as a part of the great plan of rendering Canada a self-sufficient and autonomous nation. But it was admitted that the Canadian navy would be at the disposal of Great Britain in any war. So the pretence of self-defence is thin: what could the little fleet of Canada do unaided against any naval power from which an attack might possibly come? It is too plain for denial that this step on the part of Canada means only a disguised contribution to the British navy. Yet it may well be maintained, as it has been by Sir Charles Tupper, that Canada is not a burden to the mother country, speaking in naval terms, "since without her harbors and coal mines on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, England would require a larger navy."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* throws an interesting sidelight on the German aspect of the tariff difficulty with the United States. In order to retain the advantages of the minimum rates of our tariff, Germany must—aside from any special matters of controversy—continue to give us, after the expiration of the present reciprocity arrangement, her "conventional" or most-favored-nation rates on the articles in which we are interested. This can be arranged for by diplomatic exchanges, but in order to become effective it must have the approval of the Reichstag. This circumstance, says the Frankfort paper, has been seized upon by the high-protection people and the Agrarians as furnishing an opportunity to raise a great cry by which they hope to offset the discredit into which they have fallen through their opposition to the measures for reforming the finances of the Empire. They have been carrying on a bitter agitation against making any concession whatever to America, not so much, according to this paper, because of their opposition to the concessions in themselves as for the sake of making political capital. One feature of this campaign, as shown by extracts given by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, is the spreading of the view that the United States is determined to have her own way in everything; a most approved plan for bringing on a war—tariff or other—being, of course, for each side to represent the other as absolutely determined to fight.

When the Russian constitutional movement began, about five years ago, it was still the fashion to speak of Nicholas II as the well-meaning but helpless tool of a vicious system. The habit held out for a year or two, until Nicholas II began to make it quite apparent that he was the conscious and ill-meaning tool of a system which he showed no desire at all to render less vicious. The Czar's congratulatory telegrams to the organizers of massacre, his august favors to the reactionary and landlord faction in the Duma, his easy compliance in the new crusade against the liberties of Finland, all testify to his unspoken attachment to the principles of autocracy and reaction. Now we have another instance of Nicholas II's benevolent attitude towards the principles of justice and progress. Imperial clemency has just been extended to two members of the reactionary Union of the Russian People, recently sentenced to seven years imprisonment in the Finnish courts for complicity in the murder of Professor Herzenstein about three years ago. Herzenstein was a leading member of the first Russian Duma. His cold-blooded murder, known as a political crime from the first, shocked the civilized world. The men really responsible have escaped and it has taken years to bring the humbler criminals to justice. The Czar's pardon, like the pardons and commutations bestowed on the perpetrators of the dreadful Bialystok massacres, leaves no doubt as to where the Imperial heart inclines.

The magnitude of the problem involved in the State Department's scheme for neutralizing the Manchurian railways will be realized when we recall the circumstances attendant upon our epic struggle for a share in the now famous international railway loan to China. For more than a year we have been at it, fighting for the privilege of lending China some of our money, and every other nation's hand has been against us from the start. First it was England that raised difficulties, then it was the French bankers, then it was the German bankers, and so on. And at the present writing the great international muddle is still on. Behind the affair is simply our own desire to get a share of expected Chinese railway profits, and the other nations' desire to keep the profit for themselves. Now consider the situation in Manchuria. There Russia and Japan are solely and separately the owners of many miles of railway, paid for by both with hundreds of millions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of lives. Bound up with the Russian and Japanese railways are Russian and Japanese schemes of future profit-taking, of economic and industrial development in their respective zones, and, more than all, their far-reaching plans, hopes, and follies of territorial expansion and empire. Such considerations make it plain why Russia should have refused its consent to the plan and why Japan is sure to do it in the immediate future.

The final condemnation of the Japanese as unfit to associate with Americans has been a little slow in arriving, but it was bound to come, and now we have it from Honolulu. The former Governor of the Hawaiian Islands used to have a sneaking fondness for the Japanese, but at last he has found them out. Ex-Gov. Carter now declares that he has carefully observed their recent conduct, and discovered it to be outrageously un-American. They have had a great strike, attended by "a reign of terror," and by "violence and brutal force." Any child would know that such things cannot breathe in the air of America. The Japanese, moreover, have been "swayed by certain leaders beyond all reason." Will Americans tamely submit to having such an obnoxious Oriental habit—absolutely unknown here—brought among them? Mr. Carter concludes by affirming that "Roosevelt was right," about the Japanese. Certainly, as about everything else; but which time was he right—when he praised the Japanese to the skies, and said that they ought to be allowed to become naturalized in the United States, or when he asserted that they should be kept away from our shores?

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THE PRESIDENT AND CONGRESS.

When Mr. Taft's nomination for the Presidency was virtually assured early in 1908, one of the judges of the Supreme Court privately expressed a fear of what might follow. His apprehension was lest the new President might try to import into his office something of the autocratic methods he had been able to employ as Governor-General of the Philippines. This feeling was not at all personal to Mr. Taft. No one could accuse him of being a conscious usurper of power. His respect for the law and the courts was not called in question, any more than his native and simple democracy. But it was feared that his having had a free hand in unchecked administration in the Philippines might insensibly affect his attitude as an American executive. There might be upon him a subtle tendency to make himself also a judge and legislator. So far this justice of the Supreme Court—who could hardly be blamed to-day if he were to point to current events as at least a partial justification of his former disquiet.

The Washington dispatches are full of explanations of President Taft's attitude towards the factions in his party, and of his desires and decisions respecting legislation. He has made it clear that he will not allow his Administration to be tied up with the fortunes of Speaker Cannon. The "insurgents" may go on fighting in the House as they find opening and inclination, and the President will not say them nay. Of that affair he washes his hands. But he is represented as very determined in his demand that Congress shall accept his recommendations in the matter of lawmaking. Only there will he draw the line of loyalty to the Administration. If Congressmen wish to enjoy what a newspaper correspondent has elegantly called "the fruits of regularity"—it would not do to speak of them as the rewards of subservience—they must go into caucus and agree to abide by the Administration's legislative policies. Of course, the President does not set himself up as the fount of all wisdom and the originator of the measures which he is desirous of seeing enacted into law. He describes himself merely as the agent of his party. It is to carry out the party platform that he proposes to enforce discipline. But right there comes in the frank implication that he shall finally judge what were the real pledges of the platform which are to be redeemed by all the power of party organization and by the use of patronage.

Now, if this be really the position taken by the President, we can only say that it is based upon mistaken theory and misconceived facts. There is no such function of a President in determining with authority what are and what are not the vital points of his party's platform. Everybody knows how those convention promises are put together. They are often the result of a struggle in committee; sometimes of intrigue; occasionally of inadvertence. Take the case of the plank in the last Republican platform favoring postal savings banks. No one can pretend that this represented the mature and final judgment of the party. It was put in, along with other sops to various urgent gentlemen, with no clear intention to bind the party to a scheme which had not been thoroughly discussed, and in which the people had neither arrived at a strong conviction nor even shown much interest. Who shall say that it does not deserve to be ranked, as a platform obligation, with the demand for one-cent postage which appeared in at least one Republican "declaration of principles," but which no President has felt it a duty to urge his party to grant? It is, indeed, impossible for Mr. Taft to make himself the judge of what the platform compels Congress to do. The platform was the resultant of divergent views and more or less free conference among a large body of men, and so must be whatever legislation shall result. The President is entitled to his own opinions about the matter. He may express them as openly and as forcibly as he pleases. He may urge them upon Congress with all the argument and persuasion at his command. But he cannot set himself up as the only infallible interpreter of a platform which really admits of various interpretations. And if he goes further and proposes to discipline those members of his party who conscientiously differ with him, he sets up a rule which was certainly never contemplated by the Constitution, which has not the sanction of party practice, and which will surely cause many more heart-burnings and quarrels than it can cure.

No President is under obligation to bestow favors upon those who discredit his Administration and try to make his work appear a failure. That is understood. But from that, it is a long jump to saying that everybody who differs with the President about legislation becomes, *ipso facto*, an enemy of the Administration. Such a dissident may be, in fact, its best friend by helping to save it from a blunder. Those who oppose and delay the Federal incorporation law, for example, may well be doing Taft a greater kindness than those who ask him to push it on and to make it a test of party regularity.

But even granting that President Taft had a sound theory of his relations to Congress, it would still have to be said that he was ignoring an essential fact. This is that a great change has been wrought within the past three years. Congress is in no mood to submit to Executive dictation. Even in Roosevelt's last year, it plucked up courage to defy him. His special messages went disregarded, when they were not unread, and his power to dragoon Congress into doing what he wanted completely disappeared. Now, can President Taft for a moment imagine that Congress will give back to him what it wrested from Roosevelt? Having despised the swords of the lion-hunter, will it now tremble before the putter of the golfer?

CONSERVATION TO THE FORE.

The matters relating to the conservation of natural resources which are brought to the attention of Congress by the President in his special message are of fundamental importance to the country's future. It is, therefore, most earnestly to be hoped that public opinion will be clearly directed toward the attainment of the ends in view, and not be diverted toward any personal or controversial aspects of the situation. From Congress the President desires legislation properly recognizing the interest of the nation in such resources as mineral supplies, forests, waterpower, which can still be safeguarded as part of the national domain. These objects were not in view when the existing statutes were enacted. He asks, therefore, in the first place that fuller authorization be in the future given to the Secretary of the Interior for the temporary withdrawal of lands from the operation of the general statutes, and that such withdrawals as have recently been made be validated by Congress. His next rec-

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ommendation urges the systematic classification of lands according to their use, and the reservation to the government of control over the mineral resources to be found even on such lands as may have been disposed of as agricultural. There can be no question either of the rightfulness or of the importance of these recommendations, and their immediate adoption should be imperatively demanded by public opinion. The President's recommendation in regard to waterpower sites is not so simple, but the object in view is no less clearly pointed out by the public interest, and it should be effectively provided for by the present Congress.

The real purpose of Mr. Pinchot's counter manifesto is not quite clear. In view of the very great service that Mr. Pinchot has rendered, it is greatly to be regretted that he is so fond of methods which smack of the spectacular. Instead of a moral broadside whose publication seems to have been timed with the intention either of breaking the force or of diminishing the credit of the President's message, it would have been more to the purpose if he had stated his views of what the message actually recommends. On its face, the message seems to cover very fairly the ground that Mr. Pinchot refers to in his manifesto. It is not a sermon or a muck-raking magazine article; but its chance of gaining attention in Congress will not be lessened by that circumstance. Mr. Pinchot is in a position to speak with authority on almost every aspect of the conservation question, and it will be a pity if he wears out his welcome with the great body of the people by constant indulgence in spectacular appeals to sentiment. It is unnecessary for him to reiterate the loftiness of his motives; he has had credit for that, even by those who have most clearly recognized the necessity under which he placed President Taft to remove him. The less he says about these generalities henceforth, the more weight will be carried by any definite pronouncement from him as to specific matters of legislation or administration.

In addition to the question of conservation, the President discusses in his message the subject of the improvement of inland waterways. But he does not dispose of this question by laying down any sweeping dogma, or declaring that great waterways projects must be adopted out-of-hand, because there is a popular demand for them in the region affected. There must be an authoritative ascertainment of the cost, and a reasonable assurance that the resulting benefit wi'l be such as to justify the undertaking. These conditions the President regards as having been fulfilled in the project for introducing dams into the Ohio River from Pittsburgh to Cairo, so as to maintain at all seasons a depth of nine feet; while his approval of the like project in the case of the Mississippi is more tentative. This is a much better way of treating such a question than that of Mr. Pinchot, who not only comes out flat for "the construction of the deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the Gulf," but who talks of the urgency of this scheme in language that could be justified only if the possibility of carrying it out would end with the slightest delay. We want all of Mr. Pinchot's ardor, but we want it kept effective; and it cannot be kept so if it is made cheap by misapplication or over-exploitation.

MUNICIPALITIES AND WASTE.

Let a kind word be spoken for that old offender, the misgoverned American city. Unkind words have been used in plenty. They are the commonplaces, and largely the true commonplaces, of all writing about American institutions. Twenty years ago Mr. Bryce found that our municipal system was our one conspicuous failure. Smaller men than Mr. Bryce have gone further than Mr. Bryce in declaring that our municipalities typify the bankruptcy of democracy. With the Boston election only a matter of last week, with New York's narrow escape from Tammany still fresh in mind, with the shame of the cities mounting high once more in Philadelphia and San Francisco, it would take something more than courage to deny the old charge. But if not denial, there may be palliation. A plea in extenuation may be especially directed towards the ancient complaint that all would be well with us if our cities were conducted as a merchant or a manufacturer conducts his business. It is well to remember here that if business is what the Sugar Trust understands it to be, Mr. Dooley was right in congratulating us upon our unbusinesslike methods of city government.

It is not quite fair to show how unbusinesslike our municipal governments are in comparison with municipal governments in England and Germany, if at the same time we refrain from comparing methods prevalent in American business with those of England and Germany. Is it in government alone that we are lavish, wasteful, criminally obtuse to the possible needs of to-morrow? Or is municipal extravagance only the accentuated expression of our general shiftlessness? We are at the present moment in the throes of a great conservation movement. Like a wild rich young man the morning after, this wild rich young country wraps a towel about its head and sadly contemplates—waste. We ponder upon land-waste and sigh to think that we have been getting ten bushels out of an acre that should have yielded twenty. We ponder upon water-waste and confess that we have done little to build up river and canal transportation. We plead guilty to fire-waste and admit that there is nothing to be proud of in letting millions of dollars of wealth go up in smoke every year where the other nations lose hundreds of dollars, or thousands at most. We plead guilty to timber-waste and coal-waste. We go further still and admit our blood guiltiness of life-waste, yearly killing and maiming men by the tens of thousands on our railways and in our mines and mills.

Therefore, when the critic of American institutions asserts that municipal extravagance proves American democracy a failure, he quite overstates things. It is not our democracy that is so much at fault, as our Americanism. If our business men—farmer, manufacturer, railway man, merchant—cannot go about their work without enormous waste, as judged by European standards, what reason is there to expect that our municipalities should be run as thriftily as Hamburg or Manchester? The fair test would be to compare municipal economy with individual economy in Europe, and municipal economy with individual economy in this country. Graft is not peculiar to democracies. Russian government contractors can hold their own against all comers. And in Germany and England, too, there is little doubt that it is more costly to govern cities than to run factories. That our own municipal standard of efficiency falls short of our business standard, it

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would be idle to deny. Wasteful as our business men are, our city rulers are still more wasteful. Corrupt as some of our corporations are, many of our municipalities are equally corrupt. But always it should be remembered that, in fairness to ourselves, civic misrule must be judged not by foreign standards, but by our own general standard of carefulness and economy.

This is not a plea in favor of Mr. Charles F. Murphy of New York and Senator McNichol of Philadelphia. It is merely an attempt to show cause why America's urban citizens should not despair of the cities they live in. The forces for civic betterment that have done so much good work among us and seen so much of it undone, must be assured that their fight is not fruitless. And one way of keeping up heart is to be aware that we are not as black as in our discouragement we are tempted to paint ourselves. When we are not so preposterously rich as we have been up to the present, we may come to bear down more sharply on waste and graft. When we stop hewing down our forests in a fury of immediate profit-taking, when we stop burning up our factories and warehouses, when we give up cultivating our fields with a lick and a promise, we may learn, too, how to rule our cities moderately well. Enormous waste is not indigenous to democracy.

THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

The results of pollings so far in England make certain the return of the Liberal party to power. The Liberals and Labor members will probably have a fair working majority, even over the combined vote of Conservatives and Nationalists. On the other hand, the Conservatives have made enough gain over their phenomenal showing of weakness four years ago to give warning that the victorious party must make sober use of its opportunity. With this result most well-wishers of England will, we believe, feel that they have good reason to be satisfied. What gave this Parliamentary contest its exceptional interest, in the outside world as well as in Britain, was the feeling that the situation had in it the seeds of something like revolution; but nothing like revolution, it may now safely be said, is to come.

Although the great new issue was precipitated by the challenge of the Lords and the aggressive acceptance of that challenge by the Liberal Government, there is no reason to believe that any extreme form of treatment will be applied either to the composition of the House of Lords or to the extent of its prerogatives. Its pretension to the right to reject a finance bill has already been effectively disposed of by the popular verdict: effectively, because it had against it from the beginning every serious authority, past and present, without distinction of party. In appealing to the people to support that pretension, the Lords not only challenged the House of Commons, but sought to overthrow a thoroughly established part of what, for want of a better term, is called the British Constitution. A negative answer to such an appeal is final. When so great a legal authority —and a Conservative, too—as Sir Frederick Pollock treats with absolute contempt the contention of his own party that the Lords had a "legal" right to their action; when he cites the unanswerable precedent of Lord Salisbury under circumstances offering far more justification for the assertion of the Lords' right of veto, and winds up his statement by expressing the hope that the average voter, while he understands little about legal arguments, will show the Lords that he "does understand what is meant by people minding their own business"—when this kind of talk represents the view of men of weight and authority, it is plain that no thought will be entertained of appeal from the people's verdict. Nor is it too much to expect from the instinctive good sense of Englishmen that the victors will refrain from pushing to extremes the advantage of such a victory, and thus endangering its substantial results.

If the Opposition had won, there would have been much more ground for the apprehension of something like a revolutionary change in the British political system. In the first place, the defeat of the Budget through the action of the House of Lords would, under the circumstances, have been calculated to give a most powerful impetus to the agitation for radical change, both Constitutional and economic. For, after all, the central motive in the rejection of the Budget was to be found in its bearing on the personal pecuniary interests of the peers themselves. It was the taxes on land and wealth—their own land and wealth, particularly—that they regarded as an innovation so dangerous as to justify their attempt to revive a dead prerogative. Had their appeal been successful at the moment, is it to be supposed that the agitation for more equitable taxation would have ceased? On the contrary, it would have gained new momentum from the association of that issue with the claim of the House of Lords to block any measure of taxation that trenched upon their own pecuniary immunities; and something far more radical than what is now to be expected would have been the almost certain outcome.

But while the issue was made ostensibly on the Budget and on the Lords' right of veto, the campaign of the Conservatives was fought chiefly on the issue of protection; and their victory on this issue would have portended a change in English politics which may well be regarded as even more serious in its political consequences—not to speak of the economic results—than that which we have been considering. A protectionist England we have had in the past; but a protectionist democratic England the world has not yet seen. To combine democratic government with the maintenance of a vast Empire is a task of tremendous difficulty, with which England has been accustomed to grapple; but she has thus far been exempt from the influence which the struggle for protectionist favors exercises over the politics of every country in which it has place. In her internal government, it would bring into Parliament those malign forces which it has brought into the legislature of every protectionist country; and while Mr. Chamberlain's most plausible argument in its favor has always been that it would make possible a closer union between the mother country and the colonies, there is at least as much reason for fearing that it would operate as an agency of discord and dissension. Thus far, the ties of sentiment and consanguinity have proved adequate for the maintenance of union and loyalty; but once begin to measure the mother country's claims to her children's affection by the amount of tax she is willing to put on foreign imports, and who shall guarantee that the bargaining and

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bickering will not produce discontent and perilous estrangement?

Taken in itself, the free-trade victory is matter for hearty rejoicing. In the face of the most doleful stories of widespread unemployment, and with every possible use of the standard protectionist arguments, the attempt to overthrow the system under which England has grown and flourished for more than half a century has once again broken down. The result is all the more notable because the underlying idea of the protectionist propaganda—that what is a gain to the foreigner must be a loss to yourself—might have been expected to derive a great accession of force from the present condition of British feeling toward Germany. It was hoped by the protectionists to make a serious inroad into the free-trade ranks even in Manchester, but their efforts have met with no success. It is not the last time the battle will have to be fought; but the hands of the free-traders have been so strengthened that, unless times should be much worse than is now expected in the next few years, a long respite from serious attack upon the right of Englishmen to buy where they please may be expected. To preserve that right inviolate is felt by many Englishmen to be a duty that has almost the force of a religious obligation; and it is to the able, fearless, and uncompromising assertion of this principle in the face of every form of attack, that its maintenance through all these years must in a very great measure be ascribed.

A MAGAZINE'S JUBILEE.

With its last issue for 1909, the *Cornhill Magazine* completed a half-century of existence. To most Americans, the *Cornhill* means Thackeray; and to come upon its jubilee number in the flesh is apt to give a thrill not unlike what one may have in London on suddenly being confronted with a living Russell Square, after having thought of it all one's life as peopled only by the creatures of Thackeray's mind. It seems strange to find that, in addition to the reality of the Sedleys and the Osbornes and Becky Sharp (surely a deeper reality than almost anything in one's actual experience of mankind), the ordinary reality of every-day also belongs to Russell Square; and so, for the true Thackeray lover, if he happen also to have a proper amount of ignorance of English periodical literature, it will seem strange to find that there is something else about the *Cornhill* than its great tradition of having had Thackeray for its first editor.

What these other things are, it is pleasant to read in the jubilee number of the present month. As in the case of our own *Atlantic*, whose half-century was completed in 1907, the editor and the publisher take a justified satisfaction in the thought that they have maintained the standard set in the beginning, and are serving as nearly as possible the same ends. "There is still," says the editor, "the Thackeray touch; still the *Cornhill* note"—by which, of course, is not meant the touch of Thackeray the master of fiction, but of Thackeray the editor; and in glancing over the past, he can point not only to Thackeray's latest books, but also to "the last pages of Charlotte Brontë, the first appearances of many a poem by Tennyson, Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, Meredith, and Swinburne, and of many a collected volume by Matthew Arnold, by John Addington Symonds, by Leslie Stephen, by Robert Louis Stevenson," which first saw the light in the *Cornhill*. For a dozen years, Leslie Stephen was the editor. Thackeray himself retained the editorship only a little more than two years; the pangs which his sensitive nature endured, especially in connection with the rejection of manuscripts, were too much to permit a further continuance of editorial duties. Nor were these rejections always due to lack of merit in the contributions; it is almost startling to be told that the publication of Ruskin's "Unto This Last" was discontinued in deference to a storm of indignant protest called out by this attack upon economic "orthodoxy." And more is suggested of the past in this retrospect of the magazine's history than is conveyed by mention of the notable productions that appeared in it. Thus we are reminded that when Macaulay died in his library, the first number of the *Cornhill* was on the table beside him, open at the first page of Thackeray's "Lovel the Widower"; and an anecdote of Leigh Hunt is told, which reads exactly like a Skimpole page out of "Bleak House."

But after all is said and done, it is the fact that Thackeray was its first editor which gives to the appearance of this jubilee number its great interest for others than habitual readers of the magazine. The opening article by Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie, brings home to us his genial and kindly and manly figure; and we enjoy the story of George Smith, the publisher's, happy thought of establishing a magazine whose mainstay should be a serial novel by Thackeray, and of the delightfully complete success that followed. Elsewhere the present editor argues successfully that—methodical Trollope to the contrary notwithstanding—a man of Thackeray's quality might be a most effective editor, from the strictly practical standpoint, even if he did sometimes mislay a manuscript or put off till to-morrow what he certainly ought to have done to-day. And in still another place we have a facsimile of proofs corrected by Thackeray which may give to a mere editorial worker the comfort of a fellow-feeling. There he will find, in Thackeray's characteristic handwriting, not only many a little change—and he will note that, without exception, it is a change for the better—but a totting up of figures which shows that Thackeray was looking closely to the number of lines he had saved, to see that they amounted to a clear page in the aggregate. A little thing like this gives a touch of reality that extended narrative might fail to convey.

When our children and grandchildren, half a century hence, shall be looking back to the present time, will they have anything to match the recollections that gather round the days of Thackeray and Dickens? It may be thought that such a question springs from the fond illusion of the *laudator temporis acti*. But it is not so. There are many things as wonderful in our times, perhaps there are some things far more memorable or more important; but there is nothing to match the delights or the enthusiasms created by the literature of those days. And the proof of it is in the actual experience of men who are not only still living, but still in the full vigor of life. They remember what it meant when a new novel came from the pen of Thackeray or Dickens or George Eliot; does anybody feel a thrill of excitement at the announcement of a novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward or H. G. Wells? And there

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is still another test. What character in any novel written since the "mid-Victorian" days has become a household word? Who is the Becky Sharp, or the Sam Weller, or the Pecksniff, or the Colonel Newcome, of the last three decades? Whatever the reason, nobody has struck the chord that vibrates in men's hearts and minds as did the great ones of those days. And perhaps one reason for the change lies in a characteristic of our times that certainly is dominant in other fields and that may have its reflection in literature. Different as possible in all other respects, the great masters of English fiction in the flowering-time of the Victorian age had in common a broad and deep humanity. Their thoughts were not centred on particular problems, either of psychical analysis or of moral or social reform. Particular abuses were, indeed, made the subject-matter of many of Dickens's novels, and Thackeray has been charged with insularity by critics who have not had the faculty to see that the microcosm of English society was for him but a representation of all human nature; but, whatever the medium they employed, the thing with which they really worked was the fundamental passions and longings and weaknesses and affections of mankind.

WHAT TO EAT.

It is exasperating to the normally healthy man to be informed by some self-constituted authority what diet he must adopt. Yet such authorities and such diets confront one at every turn. This form of gastronomic introspection is peculiarly American; while the Frenchman eats his half-chicken with much the same sauce as did Montaigne and the Englishman untiringly orders beef and puddings, the American must experiment with predigested wheat or raw celery and nuts. Then the novice gives up everything, in order to devote himself to spreading the new-found gospel of longevity.

The arguments advanced by enthusiasts in favor of their diets are often interesting, even when absurd. Predigestion is advocated on a pre-supposition, to wit, that the human stomach is no longer capable of performing its proper function—so degenerates the body where the spirit grows. Propagandists of raw food rest their case on man's descent: our simian ancestors could procure only raw foods, hence it must be the best form of nourishment for the human anthropoid. But why draw the line short of snakes and lizards, the true delicacies of the simian age? All these food conceits spring from two causes: first, a disordered digestion, without which no one ever experiments with foods—on himself; secondly, a little knowledge, worse than ignorance, of human physiology and anthropology.

In the homo-simian period evolving man lived on raw vegetables; as his increasing intelligence made the capture of animals less difficult, his diet became more and more carnivorous, and he gradually discarded acrid roots and seeds from his bill of fare. It was not, however, until he learned the art of hunting and fishing and setting traps that meat assumed more importance than vegetables. During the ages that mark the transformation in human nourishment, the digestive functions also underwent adaptive changes. With the decrease in the use of raw vegetable matter, for example, the power to digest uncooked starch was lost, because it was no longer essential; and doubtless many other functions were modified to meet food environment.

The use of fire marked the final period in the evolution of the human dietary. Cooking not only rendered meats savory, but unlocked vast supplies of heretofore unavailable materials. Roots and seeds too hard even for strong teeth were rendered soft and palatable; and so, in time, it dawned upon the lord of creation that it was less laborious to make his women cultivate the soil and grow these edible roots than it was to hunt and trap. After the discovery of cookery, vegetables slowly superseded meat again, just as previous to that time the painful ascent through the anthropoid and homo-simian period is notable for a gradually increasing animal diet, which reached its height in the hunting stage when man was chiefly carnivorous.

It appears, then, that we cannot arrive at a rational conception of perfect aliments by reasoning from what our forebears ate. Through the ages there has been a wonderful accommodation by man to his food supply, and this is perhaps not the smallest factor in his successful competition with other animals. This adaptability of the human digestion is not sufficiently taken into account. A common error is to regard the human diet as definite with an ideal suitable for every one, any deviation from which is either morbid or sinful. On the contrary, it is an individual affair; as there are various types of intellect, so there are different types of digestive function. One may thrive on uncooked food. Another feels himself best when he eats no meat. If the chosen food suits the demands of his individual being, it is for him the ideal. And notwithstanding a stupendous amount of scientific research on the subject, we have no completely satisfactory way of estimating what an individual's nutritive demands really are.

There is no food that is particularly adapted to repair worn-out brain cells or increase brawn. Sausage and black bread have furnished the nutriment for thinkers as stalwart as any that ever broke their fast on cereals and fruit. This suffices to disprove Savarin's "Dis-moi ce que tu manges, je te dis ce que tu es." There are, aside from salts and water, only three nutrient elements—proteins, fats, and carbohydrates—and these in different proportions occur in all foodstuffs, whether they be of animal or vegetable origin. So far as science knows to-day, there is not a special food for the man who exercises his wits and another for him who uses his muscles; at most it is a question of quantity—the brain-worker needs less. The whole sum and substance of diet for the healthy man is "know thyself" and be temperate. Every man over thirty not a fool understands what foods agree with him; this is individual and obeys no law but idiosyncrasy. The common sin is to refuse to cease eating when one has had enough.

The worst thing about fads when they encroach upon the festive board is that they kill all festivity and change what should be a pleasant occasion into something of almost funereal solemnity. The habit of introspection so engendered is at the base of many a deranged digestion. The normal man does not ponder the advisability of partaking of some toothsome dish unless it recalls unpleasant memories of a past experience. And who has not suffered at table, tormented with hunger and eager for the tardy roast which is delayed that his neighbor may have leisure to masticate and thoroughly insalivate his soup? Beneath our napkin our thumbs deride while

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we endeavor to see the funny side of life, and we say with wise Montaigne, "I hate those remedies that importune more than sickness."

NEW FRENCH FICTION.

PARIS, January 6.

"La Croisée des chemins" (Plon), the new novel by Henry Bordeaux (who is not yet forty), sets him still further on in the straight way to the Academy. It is well written and composed; the story is dignified and attractive, and the descriptions, while frequent and pleasant, take no undue place; and the moral of the book transpires from the events without any preaching pages. It is the exact contrary of the French novel in the foreign sense. Aside from its literary *tenue*, it is as Christian as are the stories of René Bazin; it is redolent of the old French worship of the family as the essential unit of society, far more truly than the works of converted Paul Bourget; and in the one fatherland of France, it excites to the love of the home province most, as does Maurice Barrès.

All this is to note the illuminating growth of yet another conservative power in the newer French literature. It is a phenomenon worth noting, this revival in a people's head and heart of all that Revolution and Romanticism, Naturalism, and the uprootings of Paris centralization, of fashion and politics and irreligion, were supposed to have quenched finally in French life. Naturally, critics complain that Henry Bordeaux is a Puritan in his reverences and a bourgeois in his attitude toward respectable people with homestead and property. Even critics admire the human movement in his stories and their thrill of feeling, which is most often a pathos for men rather than a stirring of women to tears.

Fifteen years ago, his hero, Pascal Rouvray, was a rapidly rising young doctor of the Latin Quarter, where the unending advantages of Paris (faculty and schools and hospitals and—publicity) work together for medical celebrity. The death of his father, a Lyons doctor, discloses to the young man one of those family secrets that touch to the quick that traditional French life in which all the members of a family stand together in defending the honor of each. To Englishmen and Americans who think Frenchmen have no homes (while Frenchmen think we have no families) this tragic obligation of the grandfather's debts, which the father's labor of a lifetime had not sufficed to clear away, comes strangely to break the young man's career and his love. For the ambitious modern girl, Laurence Avenière, who willingly betrothed herself to a coming man of Paris, will never bury herself with him in the provincial city. Yet there alone he can do his duty to his family name; to his mother who, French-fashion, has offered the sacrifice of her *dot*—her own and only fortune—for the payment of the debts of the family into which she married; and to younger children who would be left straitened and without their own opportunity in life, if he should selfishly pursue his Paris career. He suffers, but he gives up science and love for family and takes up his father's practice in Lyons.

Thirteen years pass and the work which duty imposed is done. Pascal is free to return to Paris and take the place in the central Faculty which his talent and attainments warrant. He finds Laurence married to an *arriviste*, who, from the start, broke with family and provincial ties to enter politics, and has become a Minister of the Republic. With all her ambitions filled, she has no peace until she has brought to her feet again, from his own wife and children, her old lover. She has never forgiven him for preferring the honor of his family to worldly honor with her. She has no longer a heart. The scene is striking where she derides him and tastes her revenge. Contrite from this final, belated lesson (which should have been needless), Pascal returns homeward, never more to waver in that family faith to which he has sacrificed so much and which is so high above all fleeting passion. Note that in each of the three really great novels which Henry Bordeaux has given to the world, a woman who has been unwilling to sacrifice to duty is sacrificed in the end to family, which holds or conquers the man. This is another upset to English prejudices of French life.

"Aimer quand même" (Plon) is a harmless love story—also of a doctor, who *quand même* is faithful and clears his betrothed of a charge of murder! It is from the lady who signs herself Jean de la Brète, a signature which scarcely enters into literature, but which secures a heavy sale for her books. They are well and pleasantly written and reflect faithfully the literary ideals of middle-class people like the greater number of us; and they can be read in families. "Les Naufrages du 'Jonathan'" (Hetzel—two volumes), is a posthumous *voyage extraordinaire* by Jules Verne. During his whole lifetime, this most popular of authors worked in virtue of a contract made with his publisher at the beginning of his career, binding him to so many volumes a year. He was in advance of his work, which explains this continued output after death.

"La Mère Patrie" (Lemerre), by Maurice Montégut, is a more than usually interesting sample of this author's work, which is very well known in France. Here he crosses not only the frontiers, but the Atlantic Ocean. In Canada, members of the hostile races, French and German, meet and make "un tumulte de peuples." Such books, in which the story is more important than the literature, are beginning to find an English-reading public. As the publisher sagely observes, "they reject the sub-romantic which makes our contemporary literature so anæmic." "Totia" (Messagerie des Journaux), by Jean Box, is a "colonial romance" of unusual background—a French colonizer's romantic adventures along the Black River far back in Tonkin.

"L'Amie lointaine" (Plon), by Raymond Casal, is another novel likely to upset the average English idea of French high life. The hero is as great a sportsman as he is distinguished in all the walks of life. On Scotch moors, in Albania and the Pamir, he shows his prowess—and this is not improbable, for all mighty hunters know such deeds of Empress Eugénie's nephew in more varied and distant regions. The book is full of the charm of healthy nerve and muscle, in spite of its dazzling people of quality.

"Röman pour ma fiancée" (Calmann-Lévy), by Henri de Noussanne, is a thrilling Nationalist plea that Frenchmen should marry French and not foreign women, but with cosmopolitan chapter-headings from Sterne and Theocritus, Goethe and Montaigne. English Josy does not marry the handsome French officer, when she finds she would be but an apple of discord in the closed circle of his military family. There is emotion, and, strange for such a book, real and plentiful humor scattered through the pages.

With Camille Lemonnier's "La Maison qui dort" (Fasquelle), we have Belgian robustness and much idyllic grace, careless of worldly distinction. Of the other two stories of the volume—"Au beau pays de Flandre" and "Un Mari"—the last leaves a certain Flemish Rabelaisian taste in the mouth, rather than that odor of the human beast which has infected, off and on, this writer's work, since, at the age of fifty, he was seduced by Zola's worst methods. He is now past seventy; and his literary production of forty years is, in many ways, the strongest in Belgian fiction, and very high in French.

"Afrancesada" (Fasquelle), by Tancrède Martel, a younger writer of historical romances, leads off like the best stories with which G. P. R. James held breathless some of us when we too were young. Only the Frenchman's story is swifter, more explosive, among Napoleon's dragoons in Spain; never was a heroine of war more hawk-like in danger, more dove-like in fast faith and sheer self-sacrifice of love; and all the heroes are much more than six feet tall. The historical part of the book has been worked enough to allow the author to dedicate it to Frédéric Masson, who knows all about Napoleon and his men.

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This writer is already worthy of note, and, doubtless, to be heard of later.

"It was in the year 1107 or 1106. A young provincial was entering Paris by one of the two bridges which led into the city. He was called Pierre Abélard or Abeilard, as they spelled it then. Those of his time bear witness that he was tall of stature and handsome of feature beyond the common." Thus opens "La Passion d'Héloïse et d'Abélard" (Ollendorff), by Madame Jean Bertheroy, which is printed with Gothic tracery round each page. Since her "Cléopâtre," in 1892, this learned and eloquent lady has roamed far and wide through the ages in her historical romances. She has had the honors of the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* thrice she has been crowned by the Academy; and it is evident that her books are much read in France. For other than French readers, she has been happy in the choice of her new subject. It was not all humor that made Mark Twain hunt for the "tomb" in Père Lachaise; cool Emerson knew that "all mankind love a lover." And here there are two of them (which is not always the case): frenzied in passion, sublime in resignation, with the faith and philosophy of the twelfth century and its local stained-glass color. Perhaps the book will be chiefly welcome because it makes a praiseworthy effort at accuracy in narration and description, something which the literary remains of the romantic pair and all that has become known about them and their age in recent research have made possible. The book will not attenuate the stream of pilgrimage to the Paris cemetery.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Some notes about the various contemporary editions of Pope's "Essay on Man," compiled from Marshall C. Lefferts's books, were printed in the *Nation* for September 14, 1909. Mr. Lefferts's collection of editions of "The Dunciad" is equally notable. He has been able to acquire several editions not described by either of the two writers on the bibliography of "The Dunciad," W. J. Thoms and Col. Francis Grant. The following is a list, with points of identification, of the earlier editions:

(1.) The first edition was published on May 28, 1728, with imprint "Dublin, Printed, London, Reprinted for A. Dodd, 1728." Notwithstanding the statement by Pope in his Preface of 1736, regarding "the first five imperfect editions of the Dunciad, printed at Dublin and London in octavo and duod. in 1727," and the statement in the imprint that it was "Dublin, printed, London, reprinted," this is certainly the first edition. It may be distinguished by the misprint in the first line of the text, "Book and the man I sing," instead of "Books and the man I sing." Evidently, a few copies only were printed and privately circulated. It is one of the rarest of eighteenth century books. There are at least three copies in America: the Lefferts, the Grant copy, which brought £75 in May, 1900, and is now in the Hoe library, and the Locker-Lampson copy, which belongs to Dr. James B. Clemens.

(2.) The second edition, or, perhaps more accurately, the second issue, as it was printed from the same types, was issued almost immediately. It is distinguished by the correction of the misprint in line 1, which now reads, "Books and the man I sing." In the note respecting John Heywood on page 5, "Interludes" is altered to "Enterludes." Whereas the first edition is printed in fours on half-sheets (being thus an octavo), this edition is printed in sixes on half-sheets (making it a 12mo). On the verso of the last leaf an advertisement of "The Progress of Dulness" has been added. Mr. Hoe obtained the Grant copy, which brought £50 in 1900, and Mr. Chew owns a copy. Mr. Lefferts has never been able to acquire one.

(3.) The next edition is a very curious book, unknown to either Thoms or Grant. Mr. Lefferts is of the opinion that it was an unauthorized edition, printed, probably, by the pirate, Edward Curll. As it has been asserted by some that this is actually the first edition, we may describe it more fully and point out the variations between it and the earlier issues. The imprint is the same, but the title vignette is a small square type-metal ornament, made up of two pieces, instead of a basket of flowers, as in the two earlier issues. The text of the poem throughout is page for page with the earlier issues, but the preface is differently spaced, page viii containing twenty-two lines instead of fifteen. While the type used is similar, the ornaments are different, and from the very profuse and often incorrect use of capital letters it seems probable that it was set up at a different printing office. The frontispiece of an owl on a pile of books is a different engraving, but copied from the one used in the original edition. The last page contains an advertisement of "The Progress of Dulness." As this advertisement appears elsewhere only in the second edition, this was probably printed from a copy of our No. 2. In the first edition of the "Key to the Dunciad," advertised on May 29, 1728, as published by Curll, there is a correction, referring to line 76 of the poem. "For Glad chains—read—Gold chains." Now "Glad chains" is correct, although "Gold chains" appears in this edition and this edition only. In the quarto edition of 1729 Pope referred to this error, as follows:

> The ignorance of these moderns! This was altered in one edition to gold chains, showing more regard to the metal of which the chain of Alderman are made than to the beauty of the Latinism and Grecism, nay, of figurative speech itself.—*Laetas segetes*, glad, for making glad, etc.

(4.) The fourth edition of "The Dunciad" is distinguished by having on the title-page the words "The Second Edition." The printer probably considered Nos. 1 and 2 as identical, and, if he knew of No. 3, ignored it as unauthorized. In line 159 (p. 23) "Spirits" has been corrected to "Spirts."

(5.) The fifth edition, the earlier form of two bearing the words "The Third Edition" on the title, has also been unknown to previous bibliographers. Except for different tailpieces, Books i and ii agree with No. 4, being without the changes and corrections found in the next. Book iii agrees exactly, apparently, with No. 6.

(6.) The second of the two forms with "The Third Edition" on the title-page. In this variety some names are given in full which had previously been indicated by initials or by asterisks or dashes. For example, Book ii, line 310, "Sh—" becomes "Shadwell"; line 353, "T—d" becomes "Toland"; line 364, "C—re" becomes "Centlivre," etc.

(7.) All the preceding editions have the same imprint: "Dublin, Printed; London, Reprinted by A. Dodd. 1728." This edition seems to be the first actually printed in Dublin. The imprint reads, "London: Printed, and Dublin Reprinted by and for G. Faulkner, J. Hoey, J. Leathley, E. Hamilton, P. Crampton, and T. Benson, MDCCXXVIII." As the word "Spirts" is correctly printed, it almost certainly followed No. 4, and was probably printed from a copy of that edition, neither No. 5 nor No. 6 having reached Dublin at the time.

(8.) This edition is a quarto, and has a new title, "The Dunciad, Variorum. With the Prolegomena of Scriblerus. London. Printed for A. Dod. 1729." It was the first in which Pope publicly acknowledged the authorship of the poem, and, as it contains much new matter, it is called the first complete edition. It is one of the commonest of all the old editions.

(9.) The first octavo variorum edition. The bookseller's name in the imprint is "Dob" instead of "Dod," but the title otherwise is word for word with No. 8. The vignette on the title, an ass with a backload of books, has been reëngraved and the edition may be considered unauthorized.

(10.) The second Dublin edition "From the New Quarto Edition done at London," with imprint: "London: Printed, and Dublin Reprinted by and for James Hoey, and George Faulkner, MDCCXXIX."

(11.) Another Dublin edition, with imprint: "London: Printed and Reprinted, for the Booksellers in Dublin, MDCCXXIX."

(12.) The earliest edition with Gilliver's name in the imprint, which reads: "London: Printed for Lawton Gilliver at Homer's Head, against St. Dunstan's Church, Fleetstreet, 1729."

(13.) With the same imprint as the preceding, but with the words "The Second Edition, with some Additional Notes." Mr. Lefferts has two copies, one with the genuine, the other with the reprinted leaf P3. All copies which he has examined contain reprinted leaves, inserted on stubs, for D3 and E2.

The above thirteen editions were all printed in 1728 and 1729.

The next edition seems to be the one included in Pope's "Works," Vol. II, a folio, with imprint: "London: Printed by J. Wright for Lawton Gilliver . . . 1735." Mr. Lefferts has identified no less than nineteen other editions and variations printed before the appearance of Warburton's edition of Pope's works in 1751. Space permits only a note of the first edition of the Fourth Book: "The New Dunciad: As it was Found In the Year 1741," London, printed for T. Cooper, 1742; and the first complete edition "The Works of Alexander Pope," Vol. III, part i and Part ii, 1742. In this and later editions Colley Cibber was enthroned as king in the place of Theobald. A comparison of the text of several editions shows various changes, substitution of names, etc., made by Pope

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to further his various literary quarrels, or for other reasons.

The auction sales of the coming week are none of them important. In Philadelphia, Stan. V. Henkels sells, January 28 and 29, American history and bibliography of Dr. Thomas L. Bradford, including several rare loyalist tracts printed in New York by Rivington in 1774, Confederate imprints, a large number of sale catalogues of libraries, etc.

In New York, the Anderson Auction Company, on the afternoon and evening of January 24, sells a collection which includes, among other rarities, a copy of the "Trial of Daniel Disney," Quebec, 1767, of which only one other copy can be traced.

On January 25 and 26 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company offers the library of Frederic B. Savage of Newburgh, N. Y., and on January 27 a large collection of natural history and sporting books.

Correspondence.

THE FUNDAMENTAL FALLACY IN MR. BOOTH'S BACONIAN ACROSTICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Last spring Mr. W. S. Booth attempted to shatter forever the delusion of three centuries that Shakespeare wrote his own works. In a learned and ponderous volume he maintains that Bacon's name appears repeatedly in acrostic signatures in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare's plays: *ergo*, Bacon wrote the plays. Those acrostic signatures represent what their discoverer calls a "string cipher." In reading them you start from an initial F standing in a prominent position, and read along the lines to the first initial R. This you mark. Then, still reading along the lines to the right and left alternately, you mark the first initial A you meet, then the first initial N, etc., until the initials marked by you spell FRANCIS BACON. If the final N comes out in an inconspicuous place, the cipher is worthless; but if the final N, like the first F, falls in some specially significant position the acrostic is said to be "keyed" by this fact, and is accepted by Mr. Booth as an intentional signature of Bacon.

Now, unquestionably the arrangements of letters which Mr. Booth calls acrostics do exist; but the whole question is, Are these intentional signatures or merely accidental combinations? This is a problem, not of literary taste, but of mathematical demonstration; and as such I propose to consider it.

If you start from any initial F, in Shakespeare or any other author, you will, by going far enough, be able to find in succession all the initials for Francis Bacon's name. They will stand out among the other initials (which you skipped) something like this: FiuRcAtNConmISwyaBAnmrCsOtN. In other words we can lay this down as a fundamental fact, that every initial F in Shakespeare begins a spelling of Bacon's name which differs from Mr. Booth's acrostic signatures in nothing except that it is "unkeyed"; that is, that it begins and ends anywhere in the middle of the text instead of in salient positions. Such a combination of words as that represented by the above row of initials we will call an "unkeyed cipher"; and by studying these unkeyed ciphers we can determine their relation to the keyed ones of Mr. Booth.

I found by examining hundreds of these unkeyed ciphers that they occur, not only with great frequency, but also with great regularity. I found in the second place that the average length of these unkeyed ciphers was just about the same as the average length of the corresponding keyed ones in Booth. This looks suspicious, for we should naturally expect intentional acrostics to be much shorter than accidental ones.

Now, keeping this in mind, let us see how far chance might be depended on to produce such a number of keyed acrostics as Mr. Booth found. Ignoring for the sake of convenience such signatures as BACON and BACONO, let us consider all signatures which begin with an F. The first thing needed to make a keyed acrostic possible is a solid block of verse or prose with an F in a prominent position; for example, as initial of a word at one corner of the block. I found that according to Mr. Booth's own methods there were about 600 such blocks in the First Folio.

Now, let us look at any one of these blocks. It already has a prominent F from which to start; and this F must be the beginning of either a keyed or an unkeyed cipher. But a moment's reflection shows us that it is the beginning, not of one unkeyed cipher, but of a multitude of them. In the first place, it begins eight different unkeyed ciphers, according to the eight different spellings of Bacon's name used by Mr. Booth: F. BACON; FRA. BACON; FRAN. BACON; FRANCIS BACON; FRAUNCIS BACON; FFRAUNCIS BACON; FRANCISCO BACONO; FRANCISC-O-NOCAB. Then, also, we have the compound signatures, two forms of the name meeting in the middle of a block or following each other to reach across it. Each of these must be regarded as a distinct form; for the parts, if taken separately, would cease to be keyed. There are at least six of these compound acrostics: FRAUNCIS BACO-N-OCAB; FRANCISC-O-CSICNARF; FRANCISCO BACON-O-NOCAB OCSICNARF; FRANCISCO BACON-O-NOCAB; FRANCIS BACO-N-OCAB SICNARF; FRANCISC-O-NOCA-B-ACONO. Hence our first F has already become the starting point of fourteen unkeyed ciphers.

But further, each one of these fourteen can be read in six different ways: on initials; on terminals (*i. e.*, both the first and last letters of words); on all letters of words; on outside letters around the margin; on initials of outside words around the margin; on capitals. (See Booth, page 36.) Hence we now have six times fourteen, or eighty-four, ciphers. And, lastly, each of these can be read in two directions, starting toward the right or starting toward the left. Consequently, there are no fewer than 168 unkeyed ciphers dangling like the arms of a cuttlefish from our one F in the corner. Moreover, we can make all of these end somewhere in the block; for Mr. Booth will read to the end of the passage and then backward, and hence we also can.

The next question, and a very important one, to which the preceding paragraph is simply preliminary—is this: How many words in this block represent the end of ciphers read from the F in the corner and terminating on one of the letters of the word? There would not be 168 of these, for frequently two or more ciphers will end on the same word. Nevertheless, the number will be large; for most of the ciphers are of different lengths, reaching all over the page; and they do not all end on the same letters. Turning to modern authors, I picked out a large number of pages or paragraphs which had an F in one corner, and laboriously worked out the different unkeyed acrostics. I found that for blocks of less than 350 words the total number of "end words" (words on which ciphers actually did end) ranged from one-eighth to one-sixth of the total number in the block. Hence we must be safe in assuming that at least one-tenth of the words in any representative block will be words on which unkeyed ciphers (if started from the corner F) will end.

Now, all that is necessary to produce a keyed acrostic is to have one of these "end words" occur in a significant position, thereby keying the cipher of which it represents the terminal. The possible significant places are five in number, one at each of the three remaining corners of the block, one on the word next to the F-word in the same line, and one directly under it on the line below. What are the chances that one of these "end words" will be found in one of these five positions and give us a keyed acrostic?

Suppose that we have an F-block containing some 200 words. We have not examined it; but since in every block the number of "end words" appears to be at least one-tenth of the whole number, we feel sure that somewhere in that block there are twenty words or more terminating unkeyed ciphers. Each of these has 200 possible positions, for there are 200 words in the block. Five of these 200 positions are significant. Hence each "end word" has five chances in 200 of appearing in a significant position and keying the cipher which stretches between it and the starting point. But since there are twenty "end words" and each has five chances in 200 of being keyed, there are twenty times five chances in 200, that is, 100 in 200, or one in two, that we shall have one keyed cipher in the block. In the same way there would be one chance in two in any block of reasonable size.

Of course the above method is not absolutely accurate. For the sake of simplicity I have disregarded certain factors; and consequently there will be a margin of error in my results. But this margin of error should not be large; for the practical question under discussion the above results are accurate enough.

Now apply this reasoning to Shakespeare's First Folio. That contains about 600 F-blocks; consequently, with one chance in two for each block, it should produce some 300 keyed ciphers; or, making all possible allowance for errors and uncertainties, we should expect to find in practice somewhere between 200 and 400 of them, in accordance with the natural laws of language. Mr. Booth found a little over 100; consequently there must still be a large number awaiting discovery.

The same reasoning may be carried further to explain away double acrostics and all the other phenomena which Mr. Booth found. His acrostics are not the signature of anybody, but simply such natural combinations of letters as occur in any author.

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A most convincing thing about the above mathematical procedure is that it has worked out with me in practice. The number of keyed ciphers which I have found has been about half of the number of blocks examined. A reader who doubts my conclusions may work out a dozen blocks or so for himself and decide. By the keyed acrostics acquired in this way, I have already proved that Bacon wrote "Heretics," a book previously attributed to G. K. Chesterton; that under the *nom de plume* of Ethel Allen Murphy he published a poem last year in *Appleton's Magazine;* that he worked with my fellow instructors and myself on our new book, "Theory and Practice in English Composition," and that he collaborated with the authorities of Yale University in producing their last annual catalogue. By this method, no doubt, with a little industry, one could prove that the amatory songs of Burns were written by Ira D. Sankey; that Robert Ingersoll composed "Paradise Lost," and that "Baron Munchausen" was the scientific masterpiece of Huxley. Verily, some are born great authors; some achieve great authorship, and some have great authorship thrust upon them.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

Yale University, January 12.

MILITARY TRAINING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to suggest that, in your article on "Professional Military Training" in the *Nation* of December 23, you do not give sufficient importance to the fact that the absence of such training in youth is not necessarily a bar to the acquisition of military distinction in middle life. Cromwell's military service did not begin till he was more than forty-two years old. Yet he takes a very respectable place among the generals of the world.

Thomas Graham, after he was raised to the peerage as Lord Lynedoch for his services in war, led a purely civil life till, when still a civilian, and nearly forty-five years of age, he joined the staff of Lord Mulgrave, on his way to Toulon in 1793, as a volunteer aide-de-camp. (He was born in 1748.) His first commission as lieutenant-colonel commandant was dated February 10, 1794. In his regiment, the Ninetieth Foot, he had as his lieutenant-colonel the officer who afterwards became celebrated as Lord Hill. Lord Lynedoch won the glorious victory of Barrosa over the French.

In the civil war I have heard it was the case that no general who had not been trained at West Point ever earned great distinction in command. This could not have applied to the Confederate cavalry leaders, for I believe neither Mosby nor Forrest had been at that celebrated training establishment. It is not every general or every admiral, however trained, who becomes eminent as a war commander.

The case of navies, to which you refer, is, I submit, peculiar. To be a fairly efficient naval officer every man must have a fair mastery of two quite distinct professions, viz., that of the sea and that of war. This essential condition is very commonly forgotten. The necessity of combining the two callings makes early training indispensable. The indispensability is less apparent in other services. The great Robert Blake, if he had no naval, had had, at any rate, a good deal of nautical experience before he held a command in a war fleet.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE,
Admiral H. B. M.'s Navy.

London, January 3.

POE'S "SILENCE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 30, Professor Killis Campbell of the University of Texas attributes a sonnet, entitled "Silence," beginning:

> There is a silence where hath been no sound:
> There is a silence where no sound may be;

to Edgar Allan Poe on the ground that it appeared in *Burton's Magazine,* September, 1839, signed "P.," and because of its resemblance to Poe's sonnet of the same title, of which he thinks it may be an earlier variant. The sonnet in question is from the pen of Thomas Hood and appeared in the *London Magazine,* February, 1823. It may be found on page 36 of the first volume of Hood's "Poems," edited by Alfred Ainger, Macmillan, 1897. It is also to be found as No. ciii of the "Sonnets of This Century," edited by William Sharp. In the notes on page 297, a comparison is made between it and Poe's sonnet, which is there printed in full. The two questions of interest are, first, how Hood's sonnet came to be printed in *Burton's Magazine* with the signature "P."; and secondly, how far Poe was influenced by it in writing his own sonnet. HENRY WILDER FOOTE.

Ann Arbor, Mich., January 4.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am glad to be set right with regard to my "early draft" of Poe's "Silence." My reasons for attributing the sonnet to Poe were, first, that, as published in *Burton's,* in September, 1839, it was subscribed with the initial "P.," a signature which Poe had used in republishing two of his juvenile poems in *Burton's* for the month immediately preceding, and which he later used several times with his publications in the *Broadway Journal;* secondly, that, inasmuch as Poe was one of the editors of *Burton's* and had used this signature with his poems in the August issue, the readers of *Burton's* would naturally assume that this poem was his also, and that he would accordingly have put in a disclaimer to it, if it were not his, as he did with several other things erroneously ascribed to him; thirdly, that Poe was fond of the theme with which the poem deals, using it not only in his sonnet on the subject, but also in his "Spirits of the Dead," "Al Aaraaf" (part i), and "The Valley of Unrest," and in his essay "Silence: A Fable." Just why Poe affixed his initial to Hood's poem, I am unable to say. Perhaps, he thought this an easy way of turning a dollar. Perhaps —and this is the more plausible theory, I think—he merely wished to hoax his public, a thing he delighted to do.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

University of Texas, January 8.

COLLEGE-ENTRANCE REQUIREMENTS IN LATIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 24, 1907, you printed a letter in which I urged, with special reference to Latin, two vital objections to the prevailing college-entrance requirements: the lack of uniformity in the definitions of a given subject, which makes it necessary to teach students preparing for different colleges in different classes, though their work is the same in kind and aims at the same result; and the viciousness of quantitative standards. Prof. William T. Foster emphasized the first of these objections in your issue of December 10, 1908, and he also took the Latin requirements as the example which best showed our evil state.

At about the time that Professor Foster's letter appeared the American Philological Association, acting upon petitions from the classical associations of New England, the Atlantic States, and the Middle West and South, established a commission on college-entrance requirements in Latin, in which the schools should be represented as well as the colleges. The commission has recently made a unanimous report, containing definitions of the Latin requirements which it is hoped the colleges generally will accept. Furthermore, the commission lays the stress in the entrance examinations upon sight-translation, a qualitative test, reducing materially the amount of prescribed reading and allowing a wide range for the other reading of the schools. Copies of this report can be obtained from the secretary of the commission, Prof. Walter Dennison, the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich., or from the undersigned. JOHN C. KIRTLAND.

Exeter, N. H., January 11.

Literature.

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN W. FOSTER.

Diplomatic Memoirs. By John W. Foster. Two volumes, with illustrations. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $6 net.

During the heated campaign of 1872, John W. Foster, Republican chairman in Indiana, secured the return of a Republican Legislature. Barometrically interpreted, this indicated the election of Grant, and nearer home it insured the reëlection to the Senate of that patriotic statesman, Oliver P. Morton. In return for his political life Senator Morton, after dinner one night, asked General Foster to look over the list of Federal offices and choose the one that most pleased him. The General, though attracted by the glamour of the diplomatic service, took a modest view of his own capacity, selecting the least important of the ministries, the Swiss. Instead, he was sent to Mexico, where he witnessed the turbulent aftermath of the French adventure and the founding of the permanent dictatorship of Diaz.

Technically, this Indiana lawyer in his middle thirties had the slenderest qualifications, for his new career. On examination, he could not have secured a secretaryship. On the other hand, a man who had commanded a cavalry division before his thirtieth year, who had succeeded in the law, and made a name for

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himself in the politics of the most political of States was not, as the sequel proved, unfitted to stand before kings. This instance lends weight to Mr. Foster's present opinion that while there should be more promotions from the lower grades of the diplomatic service and a greater permanency of office, the way should remain open for appointment from civil life. During the eight years in Mexico, the new diplomat had every chance to show his quality. As he did in subsequent and far more important missions, he set himself seriously to learning the language, to cultivating friendly relations, official and unofficial, with the Mexicans, to uniting the resident American colony, and to extensive travelling. Friction between American and Mexican forces on the Rio Grande, vexatious and sometimes fraudulent claims, made his position an uneasy one. Something like an annexation plot at Washington delayed our recognition of Diaz for months after the other Powers. From this invidious position Mr. Foster came away without sacrifice of dignity, though he was obliged once to withdraw from an anti-American demonstration at the theatre. Through two revolutions he had maintained the good will of all parties, and years later, when the Republic of Mexico needed a counsellor in the very delicate cases connected with the fraudulent La Abra and Weil claims, she naturally turned to Mr. Foster. On the matter of provocation to Mexico Mr. Foster is guarded, but he evidently believes that certain partisans of Hayes were willing to accept war as a counter-irritant to the sting of the disputed election. He thinks that Diaz, being in a position to name his successor and insure order, should have retired after his second term. The dictatorship has retarded the normal growth of Mexican politics.

Promotion to the Russian Ministry was the reward of faithful service in Mexico, and in June, 1880, Mr. Foster presented his credentials to Alexander II. At Petersburg began a notable acquaintance among diplomats. Lord Dufferin, Marquis Tseng, Count Nigra, M. de Giers, Prince Gortchakoff are still great names. Here Mr. Foster had the satisfaction of hearing the prince who was so soon to be Alexander III declare that the Russian fleet sent to American ports during the civil war went with deliberate friendly intent as a makeweight against French and English tenderness for the Confederacy. But this retrospective assurance did not fully convince the hearer that other motives might not have been involved. We may record, in view of the present multiplication of embassies, Mr. Foster's opinion that he was under no practical disadvantage in bearing only ministerial rank. At the Foreign Office and elsewhere he readily got by courtesy the consideration that ambassadors have of right. His mission was terminated by resignation within a year and a half, but sixteen years later, at the time of the fur seal controversy he was accredited to St. Petersburg as special commissioner with the rank of ambassador.

It was his intention to devote himself to the practice of international law. And in 1882, at Washington, he laid the foundations of a notable practice, only to be sent by President Arthur to Madrid as Minister in order to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with Cuba. After vexatious delays, due to changes of ministries and the general dilatoriness prevailing at Madrid the treaty was agreed on and signed. Owing, however, to the success of the Democratic party and Mr. Cleveland's disinclination to tariff reduction by indirection, it stifled —the common lot of reciprocity treaties —in the Senate pigeon holes. Mr. Foster returned the richer by the experience and by the acquaintance of such statesmen as Sagasta, Cánovas, Castelar, and Rampolla.

After the Republican victory of 1888, Secretary Blaine, already allured by the Pan-American idea, and desirous, too, of contenting the public by some show of tariff reduction, gave himself heartily to the principle of tariff reciprocity. Mr. Foster arranged treaties with Cuba, San Domingo, the British West Indies, Brazil, Germany, and Austria. Others were signed, but not ratified. The reciprocity conventions worked well, but were upset in a matter of five years when the McKinley bill restored sugar to the protected list.

Hardly freed from the reciprocity negotiations, Mr. Foster was wanted as counsel to the Bering Sea Commission at the Paris tribunal. The whole American side of the controversy was beset with difficulties. The arbitrary seizure of foreign sealers had made our case unpopular; our best argument, that from humanity and expediency, was never properly presented until the public hearings; finally our best diplomatic trump, that of the *mare clausum*, had to be precipitately withdrawn for repairs, having been based in large part upon the fraudulent mistranslations of a too-obliging Russian interpreter. During the hearings England and Russia most unhandsomely concluded a special agreement prejudicial to our case. Under the circumstances, we were lucky in securing even an imperfect protection for the seals of the Pribilov Islands. In fact, the whole cause was infected from the violent and illegal procedure of the concessionaries of these islands. The original seizures were made at the instance of this company without the knowledge or consent of any high executive official, the suits at Sitka were brought without the knowledge of the Attorney-General, and the briefs were prepared by the attorney of the sealing company. A government order for the dismissal of the suits and release of the vessels was treated as spurious and ignored. Mr. Foster's comment on this lawless proceeding is worth quoting. "It revealed the fact," he writes, "that a great government might be betrayed into a line of policy through the machinations of a private corporation, influenced by pecuniary motives, which put in peril its relations with a powerful neighbor and subjected it to the condemnation of an international tribunal for conduct taken unadvisedly and unwisely." The Pribilov concessionaries were the worthy predecessors of the Panama Company, concerning whose political activities it would be interesting to have, if not the opinion of an international tribunal, at least of the accomplished jurist Mr. Foster.

Before his brief tenure of the office of Secretary of State in 1892, Mr. Foster had withdrawn from his law practice. Accordingly, the close of the Bering Sea arbitration left him free to indulge an old project of travelling around the world. On this tour of recreation he made acquaintances which were later to be useful. Returned to Washington and his clients, he had something more than a year of respite from public service before receiving the most important assignment of his career—that of counsel to the Chinese Peace Commission after the disastrous war with Japan. It was a desperate cause to undertake. Urged by the unbounded ambitions of the war party, Japan had refused even an armistice. Through ambiguous credentials and dilatory tactics the Chinese delegates had discredited themselves in advance. At this point Mr. Foster came to claim for China the usual rights of a sovereign state. And fortune favored him. The murderous assault of a fanatic upon the plenipotentiary, Li Hung Chang, turned Japanese scorn into sympathy. The armistice was granted, and gradually the excessive demands abated. Trouble arose at times through Oriental circumlocution—habitually, when time was an object, the discussions were held in English. Moreover, the attack on the great Chinese Viceroy for a space sapped his spirit. His court added to his perplexities by insisting that he should personally undergo the humiliations of the peace he was arranging. For example, his son was appointed to the odious duty of ceding Formosa to the Japanese. In something like a funk young Li begged Mr. Foster to see him through, and finally the principality was transferred on shipboard by a brief exchange of papers, much as if a corner lot had been in question.

His share in the treaty of Shimoneski is probably the brightest chapter in Mr. Foster's career. He had restored *morale* to the representatives of a demoralized nation, and he had successfully appealed in a prophetic spirit to the comity of

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Far Eastern nations; finally he had personally convinced a proud and apathetic court to make a necessary sacrifice. That the battleships of Europe promptly made waste-paper of the treaty in no wise detracts from the merits of its negotiators. The moral precedent had been attained. Japan, having shown her power, had bound herself to magnanimity. The accusation has been made that China accepted the conditions knowing that the Western Powers would annul the treaty. Mr. Foster denies emphatically that there was such foreknowledge or collusion, and he is in a position to know.

Within something more than a year of his return from Japan Mr. Foster was visiting Hawaii on a private errand, but with his eyes open. As Secretary of State he had already signed the first annexation treaty; as adviser to Assistant Secretary Day, Secretary Sherman being incapacitated, he drew up the definitive treaty which was signed on June 16, 1897.

We can note only in passing that Mr. Foster sat with the Joint High Commission at Quebec in the winter of 1898-9, was associated with the drafting of the ill-destined Kasson reciprocity treaties, and in 1903 was special counsel before the Alaska boundary tribunal. Nor can we dwell upon his service as Chinese delegate to The Hague Conference in the summer of 1907, though the chapter dealing with this congress is one of the most entertaining and valuable in the book. His law practice, too, affords numerous points of interest which must be merely mentioned. In 1902 he did his clients, a steamship company, and Secretary Hay a good turn in advising him that the preposterous "pacific blockade" maintained by us against Venezuela had no standing in international law. Only a practitioner can properly value the exploit of recovering for the heirs of that heroic soldier of fortune, Gen. F. T. Ward, the money due him from the Chinese Empire. Naturally, payment was made, not from the Chinese treasury, but by a rather peculiar gentlemen's agreement from the surplus of the Boxer indemnity.

A welcome feature of the book is the character sketches of the many Presidents and secretaries of state whom Mr. Foster has known or served, with a few appreciations of foreign diplomats. These judgments are as shrewd as cautious, and sometimes they recall sturdy figures unduly forgotten, like Secretary Hamilton Fish. The sidelights on Blaine are valuable, and the appreciation of President Harrison quite masterly. One may regret that obvious considerations prevented the inclusion of President Roosevelt in this gallery. Such a sketch would grace those literary remains that we trust Mr. Foster will leave, but not soon.

This full and modest record of an extraordinary and most exemplary career is naturally of unequal interest. It would have borne condensation, and a stricter limitation to the matters suggested in the title. Parts of it are thrilling. One can hardly imagine a time when a politically inclined man will not delight in reading the chapters on the peace between China and Japan. And the charmingly mellow account of the second Hague Conference is of hardly less value. Everywhere the book abounds in incidental wisdom. We have said, and believe, that it would have gained through a moderate condensation, but were it a question between too much or too little, we would gladly choose the fuller measure.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Master. By Irving Bacheller. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Bacheller, who holds, perhaps, a more agile and eloquent pen than any American novelist now writing, seems never quite able to grasp a serious motive and hang to it. "The Master" is a jumble of literary Bohemianism, social idealism, and sensational adventure. The Christlike figure is becoming almost a commonplace of the current tale and the current play. Mr. Bacheller's Ben Lovel is a good example of his kind, hardly more. He is a man of inherited wealth, and of genius in more than one field—a master of the violin and of the pen. For love of his fellowman he has given up his position of ease and honor, and become a poor shoemaker. He has also become member of a great international brotherhood called "The Chain," the leader of which is an American, one Condon. This man and Lovel become intimates: Lovel saves him from turning into a demagogue and tyrant, and is the good angel of all the persons involved in the narrative. So much for the serious element in the story; it might be impressive, if it were not for its setting—though the great man Condon is in truth a flabby figure. But the compound contains as much of "Treasure Island" as of "The Servant in the House"—plus a somewhat smaller portion of "Paul Kelver," or any modern literary-Bohemian tale you like.

The story-teller is a young Englishman who is suddenly called to America by a message from a mysterious uncle. He has only a vague clue as to the uncle's whereabouts, and, having presently spent all his money in New York, would, no doubt, have become a tramp, if he had not been inspired to turn author. As he had been bred a plumber, he had no difficulty with this allied trade, and we are to regard him hereafter (so far as the exciting events into which the story plunges him will permit) as turning an easy penny with his pen. He becomes a member of a club of young and ambitious journalists, and it is in their company that we breathe the favored airs of a somewhat antiquated and vinous Bohemia. But the main thing, after all, is the series of adventures and perils of which the central figure is old Rog Rone, a sea-dog of the most approved proportions—who swigs his gin, shivers his timbers, and hunts his treasure, with all the remorseless and humorous ferocity of his countless prototypes in fiction. There are wild scenes of stage bloodshed on shipboard in store for the youthful reader. In fact, one thinks of no type of reader to whom some portion of this hodge-podge may not be palatable—unless it be the reader who does not care for the game of little Jack Horner.

Trespass. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Reiteration is the thief of effectiveness. If Mrs. Dudeney were to cut down by one-half the repetition and re-repetition of her thoughts on the heart of man and the destiny of woman, her jeremiads, auguries, and incessant invocations of "Julia! Julia!" there would still remain volumes in sufficiency of acute observation, minutely faithful portraits, and a story whose outcome piques the interest. It is a story of English middle-class respectability, in the person of a village innkeeper, pitted against genius, in the shape of Oliver Heron, the "artist right through," the man who "robbed emotional orchards"—for the possession, naturally, of Julia! Julia! Stephen, the innkeeper in whom "poesy and commerce were most bewilderingly interwoven," saves both a perilous situation, and Julia—for the time being; this by a chivalry which stirs even his rival's admiration. But Mrs. Dudeney's are a dreary set of folk; their very aspirations, when they have them, are depressing. The triumph of the little man whose life-aim was to "prove to Julia," leaves him with but dubious reward. For with Julia, both merits and faults are unlovable.

Beechy. By Bettina von Hutten. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"Beechy" is the phonetic spelling of "Bice," or "Bici," the diminutive of Beatrice; the name of Baroness von Hutten's heroine. The half-Italian, half-English Beechy has a rather forlorn but assuredly picturesque childhood in Rome. The story of these early days is full of such vivid adventure as may befall a clever little waif with unquenchable spirit, with a singer's gift, and the happy faculty of making friends. Whether she is selling papers in boys' clothes or smuggling herself into the opera chorus or living demurely with the Convent Sisters, she is a little figure that catches the light and keeps the scene a-twinkle. Her plunge into cockney England and her emergence on the

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stage of grand opera carry the interest along on a conventional level. The lovers who come and go make little ripple until Lord Charles Cressage appears above the horizon. The subsequent proceedings are so absurd as to quench the none too vivid sense of sharing in a real prima donna's real experiences. Beechy is plausible enough in her struggles, her successes, her shrewdness, her generosity, her well-awareness, her innocence. But the affair with Lord Charles, the Lothario who loves her only, but cannot be true to her for six months; her Italian jealousy and English scruple, and her no-man's-land arrangement of mutual eternal devotion combined with "being good"; and, chiefly, the excellent Lady Charles's chaperonage, her tender safeguarding of both lovers till her death shall them join together, unite to make assuredly the most preposterous situation that fiction has lately revealed.

"It is quite true that she is dying," says Lord Charles. "And she wishes us, you and me, to marry as soon as—as it is over." "Oh! isn't she wonderful, wonderful?" "Yes, she is. And—until then—we, you and I, are to be engaged, though, of course, no one shall know." Comment would be anti-climax.

Three Lives. By Gertrude Stein. New York: The Grafton Press.

These stories of the Good Anna, Melanctha, and the Gentle Lena have a quite extraordinary vitality conveyed in a most eccentric and difficult form. The half-articulated phrases follow unrelentingly the blind mental and temperamental gropings of three humble souls wittingly or unwittingly at odds with life. Whoever can adjust himself to the repetitions, false starts, and general circularity of the manner will find himself very near real people. Too near, possibly. The present writer had an uncomfortable sense of being immured with a girl wife, a spinster, and a woman who is neither, between imprisoning walls which echoed exactly all thoughts and feelings. These stories utterly lack construction and focus, but give that sense of urgent life which one gets more commonly in Russian literature than elsewhere. How the Good Anna spent herself barrenly for everybody in reach, the Gentle Lena for the notion of motherhood, while the mulattress Melanctha perished partly of her own excess of temperament, but more from contact with a life-diminishing prig and emotionally inert surroundings, readers who are willing to pay a stiff entrance fee in patient attention may learn for themselves. From Miss Stein, if she can consent to clarify her method, much may be expected. As it is, she writes quite as a Browning escaped from the bonds of verse might wallow in fiction, only without his antiseptic whimsicality.

MOGUL INDIA.

Storio Do Mogor, or Mogul India, 1653-1708. By Niccolao Manucci, Venetian. Translated, with introduction and notes, by William Irvine, Bengal Civil Service (Retired), Member of the Royal Asiatic Society. Vol. IV. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.75 net.

This book, published for the government of India, as one of the Indian text series, affords a kaleidoscopic view of Hindustan during the reign of Aurangzeb—the last of the great Mogul rulers. Manucci was conversant with both Urdu and Persian—the camp and court languages of the later period of Mohammedan rule. This fact he mentions with evident pride in the course of his journal. Besides knowing the current *lingua franca,* he spent the major portion of his life in Hindustan in intimate association with the people of the land. All this gives a high status to the Venetian's writings. Nevertheless, no one can read his book without feeling that only an alien could write of India as he has done. This is pointed out with no view to disparage, much less discredit, the author. Indeed, the chief asset of "Storio Do Mogor" is the fact of its foreign authorship, since it supplements, in an important manner, histories of the same period composed by native scribes, whose besetting sin is to present highly colored statements, and to show little regard for chronological order. And in a day when foreigners "do" India in a month or two and then write learned, ponderous volumes bearing on the complicated political, social, and economic affairs of Hindustan, Niccolao Manucci's careful study comes as a pleasant surprise and a great relief.

Born at Venice in 1638, Niccolao Manucci ran away to sea in November, 1653. After travelling with Viscount Bellomont, whose service he entered, through Smyrna, Persia, and other lands, he touched Sindh, a port on Indus, and finally found himself at Surat. After casually touring in various parts of India, he went to Delhi, then the capital of the country, and was presented to Shah Jahan, the ill-fated father of Aurangzeb. Some time later he was introduced to Prince Dara Shukoh and entered his service as artilleryman. In that year, when Aurangzeb confined his father in Agra, and vanquished his brothers, Manucci fought for Dara Shukoh in many engagements, at one time nearly being killed. The Venetian refused Aurangzeb's service, travelled through northern India, and, in 1663, entered, as artillery captain, the service of Jai Singh, who sent him as envoy to meet Shiva Ji—the Marhatta leader, who fearfully harassed Aurangzeb and succeeded in establishing the Marhatta rule over a considerable portion of India. *Wanderlust* seized him once again, and he sojourned in various parts of southern and northern India for a number of years. In 1672 he became a physician, and in his new profession gained free access to the courts of many a native prince. Toward 1686 he married and settled for some time in Madras, then the chief centre of English influence. His appointment, at various times, as English and French envoy gave him the opportunity to study at close range the ambitions of the European nations interested in extending their trade and empire in India. He remained in Hindustan until his death in 1717, travelling and doctoring and gaining an intimate knowledge of many phases of Indian life. Such a career inevitably yielded rich material for this chronicle, begun in 1699 and finished ten years later.

As an historic document, "Storio Do Mogor" is not invariably accurate. The names of persons and places are often incorrect, and some of the dates are inaccurate. Moreover, at times, the author degenerates into a scandal-monger, coloring his statements, and occasionally showing bitter animosity. This last defect is usually inseparable from contemporary memoirs, and yet it mars, in some measure, the reliability of this work as an historical record. Fortunately, the work of the editor goes a great way in remedying this defect. Whenever Mr. Irvine has found inaccurate dates, or names of places or persons, he has indicated the correct ones in parentheses. Other notes supplement the obscure portions of the book, bring out the allusions, and in a considerable way illumine the text.

Many beautiful illustrations judiciously distributed through the book excellently supplement and elucidate the text.

Dalmatinische Reise. By Hermann Bahr. Berlin: S. Fischer.

We are freshly reminded of the awakening of the national conscience, expressed, of late, in Austrian fiction, in reading Hermann Bahr's "Dalmatinische Reise." Here we have a fit companion-volume for the sketches of scenes and types collected by Felix Salten under the title, "Das österreichische Antlitz," and issued through the same publisher. Both writers are masters of the *feuilleton* and have a fascinating manner of conveying their impressions and convictions without burdening their readers with facts or assailing them with arguments. Salten's account of wanderings through the streets of Vienna, of country walks, charity entertainments, dance-halls and cafés, army manœuvres and pilgrimages, his portraits of Altenberg, Girardi, Kainz, Radetzky, the late Empress, and even the famous Mayor Lueger, reflect the artist's delight in his interesting material and a light-hearted

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acceptance of his people just as they are.

Bahr, on the contrary, has attained the critical attitude. The Austrian lack of enterprise in exploiting the possibilities of their beautiful country, their want of modern push and grit, is to him a matter of constant regret. He is irritated by the bad roads, the poor hotel accommodations, the inadequate carriage, railway, and steamboat service. He bewails the want of concerted effort in problems of municipal improvement and the partiality of the government towards the German provinces of the Empire. His descriptive passages alternate with critical excursions into political and social problems which are by no means irrelevant. Among the fruits of misrule and abuse which he points out is the abject poverty of the agricultural population, and sociologists will be particularly interested to learn that the "Kolonat" existing in the vicinity of Spalato differs little from old-time serfdom. His eyes are open to every popular wrong inflicted in the name of patriotism and tradition. Bahr feels, too, that the court at Vienna knows all too little about some of the provinces under its dominion. Why should not one of the younger archdukes be Governor of Dalmatia? Certainly this "Adriatic Switzerland" is capable of a very remarkable development, as yet half-suspected. To-day, however, the province is sending shipload upon shipload of her sons to America: sturdy, skilful laborers that till a foreign soil, while the native needs their strong hands and modern tools to coax from its rich harvests.

The book is full of historical reminiscences, and of glimpses of a literature and an art as yet undiscovered by the arbiters of our culture. Illuminated by exquisite humor, interwoven with personal reflections, these apparently random notes make thoroughly interesting reading. The paragraphs on Diocletian, on Maximilian of Mexico, on the archæologist Bulic, are singularly enlivening. It is Bahr's wish to secure the investment of foreign capital and labor in Dalmatia. He hopes to interest the Berlinian: for with one such, a "Company Limited" is sure to follow. Nothing can be hoped for from the Austrian government, which seems to be positively hostile to improvements in this province, suspected as it is of rebellious and treacherous sentiments. Already the people of Dalmatia, and the Austrian progressives, hail in Bahr their champion. This book has, however, performed a mission in a larger world than that ruled by the Hapsburgs. It has called the attention of the travelling public to a country unsurpassed for natural beauties, historical associations, romance and poetry, for picturesque scenery and picturesque population, and, what is exceedingly rare in these days of Cook's and other tours, one as yet unconventionalized and uncommercialized.

Essays on Greek Literature. By Robert Yelverton Tyrrell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The notion that what has once been well said about the Greek and Latin masterpieces can ever be discarded as out of date is German, not English or French. For the Germans, fashions in scholarship come in and go out like the cut of a sleeve. For instance, Jebb's "Introduction to Homer," which Professor Tyrrell praises so warmly in one of the Essays before us, will be worth reading as long as the text of Homer endures; but it says nothing to a German because it antedates the Homeric armor controversy and the theories, more in number than the leaves of Ida, which have gone far since the eighties to bury Homer under the Homeric Question.

Professor Tyrrell's Essays were written, for the most part, several years ago: that on Sophocles, a review of Jebb, is twenty years old; the "Pindar," though it has a good discussion of Mezger's theory of the Terpandrian nome structure of the Odes, knows nothing of Schroeder and the New Metric and is none the worse for that. Pindar is a poet about whom too many of his readers are content to say, with Tennyson, that "he has long tracts of gravel with immensely large nuggets embedded," a remark which merely showed that one who had ignored virtually all the sources of modern poetic emotion did not appeal to Tennyson. Tyrrell's Essay will rank with Jebb's on Pindar as an admirable introduction to the splendors of the austere style. That entitled The New Papyri, dealing with the Petrie Papyri and the "Constitution of the Athenians" is eighteen years old, and, since Grenfell and Hunt's publications and the new Menander now fill the foreground, the title is misleading. Tyrrell agrees with Cauer, Van Leeuwen, and others in rejecting Aristotelian authorship for the tract, and supports his view with a list of non-Aristotelian words and phrases. To put these down to scribes is, as he points out, a dangerous doctrine, and would shake all criticism of classical remains based on style. Yet in England the tract, backed by the powerful authority of Sandys and Kenyon, is still called the "New Aristotle." Tyrrell's attitude to German text criticism is elsewhere hostile, and some of his judgments might well rekindle that *odium grammaticum* which is passing out of fashion in Germany.

The essays as a whole represent the best English tradition of sound conservative scholarship and the correct literary instinct of the school of Jebb. There are a good many misprints, the worst being "Philostratus" for "Philoctetes" (p. 83), and "Marietti" for "Mariette" (p. 86).

Notes.

Lamb's "Tales" and "Gulliver's Travels," with the illustrations by Arthur Rackham, have just been reissued by E. P. Dutton & Co., this time in a large-paper edition, quarto.

From the Yale University Press will be issued next month "The Beginnings of Gospel Story: A Historico-Critical Inquiry into the Sources and Structure of the Gospel According to St. Mark," by Dr. Benjamin W. Bacon, Buckingham professor of New Testament criticism and exegesis.

"The Seminoles of Florida" are the subject of a history by Minnie Moore-Wilson, to be published this month by Moffat, Yard & Co. There are illustrations, and an introduction by E. S. Martin.

In the year 1909 there were published in England 10,725 books, compared with 9,821 in 1908. The chief increase was in religion and philosophy. Poetry and the drama, on the other hand, show an actual decrease.

On January 10 ground was broken for the library building of Chicago University to be erected in honor of the late President William Rainey Harper, at a cost of $600,000. The structure is to be 276 by 80 feet, fronting on the Midway Plaisance. The main building will be six stories, 113 feet in height; with two towers 138 feet high containing eight stories. Provision will be made at first for 400,000 volumes, with an ultimate capacity of 800,000 volumes. This, with the departmental libraries surrounding it, will mean a provision for 3,000,000 volumes.

We have to record the receipt of two volumes, XXX and XXXI, of the Wiener Beiträge zur englischen Philologie (Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller). In the former Prof. Leopold Brandl gives a minute study of "Erasmus Darwin's Botanic Garden" as a complement to his study of "The Temple of Nature"; in the latter Ferdinand Putschi writes on "Charles Churchill: Sein Leben und Seine Werke." These are but desiccated literature, and, in so far as they merely translate the poems considered into heavy prose, are an incumbrance. Some learning and discussion of a more useful sort are, however, buried in the pages. Professor Brandl is amusingly kind to a poet whose name has become a synonym for unreadable dulness. He finds in Darwin: "Höchster poetischer Schwung, warme Gefühlsdurchdringung auch von Dingen, die sonst ganz ausserhalb des Bereiches dichterischer Gestaltung liegen, lebendige Auffassung schöner Naturanschauungen. . . ." All of which, we may say respectfully, is sheer nonsense.

Edward Bliss Reed has published in a pamphlet (from the "Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences") a selection of "The Poems of Thomas, Third Lord Fairfax." The complete manuscript of the poems, extending to 656 pages, is now in the Bodleian. Professor Reed makes no attempt to bestow undue literary merit on these halting verses

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of the great Parliamentary general, but he is right in thinking that they have some interest of another kind. And nothing in the selection is more interesting than the two brief poems, which express the feelings of one who was both enemy and friend of the King. They are short enough to quote here:

On the Fatal day
Jan: 30 1648 [N. S. 1649]

Oh lett that Day from time be blotted quitt
And lett beleefe of't in next Age be waued
In deepest silence th' Act Concealed might
Soe that the King-doms Credit might be saued
But if the Power deuine permited this
His Will's the Law & ours must acquiesse

Of Inpartial Fate

Here we all the Same Danger run
By the like Destin's we are ledd
Same Misfortune to the Shepeard Come
May attack as well the Crowned head
Our dayes are Spun vpon that wheele
The meanest Subiect & greatest Kinge
To like end th' Fatal Sisters bringe
The thread when Cutt both same Sisers feele

John Davis, author of "Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America, During 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, and 1802," is well worth knowing, even at this late date. And, for all the prolixity of his title-page, his "Travels" (published in London, in 1803, and a rare book to come by), contains many passages of extreme interest. One is, then, well-content to have the fine reprint issued through Henry Holt & Co. Good paper and clear type repose the eye of the reader, and wide margins invite annotation and the enrichment of the text with parallel passages from Crèvecœur and Chateaubriand—notwithstanding the remark of A. J. Morrison, who edits the volume, to the effect that these two were "sentimentalists"; that the former is "very disquisitional," while "Chateaubriand might have written *his* book in his tower." The personality of John Davis is one of the most interesting things about his book; for John Davis was not as other Englishmen. In the first place, he travelled through these States by horse and sloop and *on foot:* and we are always prejudiced in favor of a traveller who proceeds under his own power. Then, too, there is a refreshing fatuity about this perambulatory Briton; and fatuity nowadays is so case-hardened and sophisticated! He was born, the traveller, in the year 1776, at Salisbury, Wiltshire; and was "reared," he tells us, "in the lap of opulence." He was, however, a born vagabond, and ran away from home and school to become a sailor. "When the boatswain's mate piped Starbowlines, I walked up the main rigging into the top. I always put Le Sage in my pocket; and in the maintop of an East Indiaman, under a cloudless tropical sky, when the breeze was so steady that for days we had no occasion to start either tack or sheet, I began to cultivate the language of the Court of Lewis the Fourteenth."

"In 1798, I embarked in a small brig, at Bristol, for the United States," writes Davis: in other words, his visit to the new world was paid when he was twenty-two, and still impressionable. "I had before made some progress in Greek, and began the study of the language of harmony, with the Father of Poetry, and the Bible of the Ancients. In Latin, I had looked into every writer of the Julian and Augustan ages; the study of French had always been to me like the cracking of nuts; and in my vernacular idiom, I had neglected no writer from Bunyan to Bolingbroke." He was, by his own account, a finished linguist. In fact, one reads, all in one sentence, that he "translated at New York Buonaparte's 'Campaign in Italy,' a considerable octavo, and proceeded to the South." In the South, he was to have experiences none too delightful as a tutor: but that fact need not detain us long. For this complacent critic of American institutions at the turning of the century was, by his avowed scholarship, well qualified to be, at Philadelphia, the associate of Brockden Brown, "Father of the American Novel," and Joseph Dennie, of the *Portfolio,* who took such pride in the appellation of "The American Addison." But it is as a "social document," rather than as a contribution to literary history, that Davis's book is to be prized to-day. And that it entertains as well as instructs, is, perhaps, suggested in our citations.

Antonio Scarfoglio, the author of "Round the World in a Motor Car," (Mitchell Kennerley), is a younger son of that remarkable family which controls and largely writes the most popular newspaper of southern Italy, the *Mattino.* Young Scarfoglio was chosen to enter the round-the-world motor race arranged by the *Matin* of Paris, as his father later explained, not in the hope of copy, but of breaking him in. As a matter of fact, his correspondence is a brilliant example of snapshot impressionism. It gives a vivid and unforgettable account of the contest with the snow and mud of America, with the glare of the alkali desert, and of the perilous escarpments of Japanese mountain trails, and the alluvial slime of Manchuria. In many cases this youthful correspondent, with his two chauffeurs, reduced to one after Vladivostok, pushed their car inch by inch, from boggy roads up railway embankments, dragged it out of torrent beds, improvised roads and pontoons, in general did the impossible to carry the Italian car—a Züst—around the circle. It limped into Paris at last after eight months, a bad second to the American competitor, but morally the victor. In fact, the American car may be said to have won before it started. Its way was paved with gold. Everywhere supplies and aid were prearranged; finally, it took certain short cuts through railway tunnels that were denied to the foreign cars. The Italian machine, on the contrary, depended almost wholly on the resourcefulness of its crew, followed the stipulated routes faithfully, and as we have said made a far more remarkable record than the winner. Antonio Scarfoglio's story is usually one of dire struggle with unfriendly nature. It is significant that the worst difficulties beset him in thickly peopled parts of our East and Middle West. Occasionally, there are poetic interludes—the strange story of a French hermit prospector, a glimpse of pathetic derelict Italians and French folk in Siberia. The author is a shade too free with unamiable generalizations of scant worth, and is at his best when he sticks to the road. Certain of his staccato passages are extraordinarily vivid. A picture of the vermin of Siberia might be set beside G. W. Steevens's classic page on the Sudan thirst. The letters are well translated by J. Parker Heyes, and there are many good photographic cuts showing the Züst and its crew in all manner of peril and plain sailing. Signor Scarfoglio has unfortunately left untouched one or two suggestive passages, which make his story unadvisable for boys, for whom otherwise it would be ideal reading.

"The London Life of Yesterday," by Arthur Compton-Rickett (E. P. Dutton & Co.), consists of thirteen essays, treating as many periods of London history. As an uncritical compilation, presenting a considerable amount of well-chosen material, the book is not devoid of merit. It is badly articulated at times, as if from haste or sheer misunderstanding of the original notes. On page 237, for example, describing the vicissitudes of Whitehall palace, we defy a reader not already acquainted with the facts to tell just what happened as to burning and rebuilding, and when. A writer who, according to his own bibliography, quotes his Chaucer from the Publications of the Chaucer Society, should know better than to write:

With the exception of that quaint mixture of history, epic, and romance—entitled Beowolf, fashioned in the eighth century from the sagas of the Northmen, there is practically no English poetry until we come to the fourteenth century.

Our author's first-hand acquaintance, either with the quaint mixture or subsequent pre-Chaucerian poetry, is clearly the slightest. Very ugly misprints are Van Dycks for Van Eycks, page 122, and on page 82 the conversion of a Chaucer date, 1389, into an impossible 1339. Again, Wren's orginal design for St. Paul's is said to have been in the form of a Great (read Greek) cross. Without undue emphasis of these infelicities, they are of a symptomatic sort. To scholarly readers this book makes no appeal, and, given the abundant literature about London, it can hardly be said to fill a long-felt want.

An agreeable book of travel, with interesting illustrations in color and in black and white, is published under the title "From Sketch-Book and Diary" (Macmillan), by Lady Butler, the well-known painter of war pictures. Sir William Francis Butler commanded the Gordon relief expedition and saw service in many parts of the empire. Lady Butler's light-hearted notes barely suggest the grisly errands which carried her hither and thither in her husband's wake. In the midst of the picnics and sunsets of Luxor, she recalls that "W. was pressing the enemy harder every day"; but she very properly limits her narrative to her own experiences, and draws with a practised hand the pictures that impressed her most in Ireland, in Egypt, in South Africa, and in Italy. The book is dedicated to her sister, Alice Meynell.

Two recent issues of the Historical Manuscript Commission of England are an index to the first series of the Ormonde papers, and the fourth volume of the Report on the American manuscripts in the Royal Institution. The first series of Ormonde papers in two volumes, though published in 1895 and 1899, was left unindexed owing to the death of the editor, Sir John T. Gilbert. The second series, the publication of which is now in progress, has been duly indexed as each volume has appeared. The fourth volume of the report on American manuscripts is the last and covers the period from April to November, 1783. It is largely concerned with the winding up of British business in America preparatory to evacuation. Financial matters and accounts bulk large in the volume. The

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most important material deals with the loyalist refugees, a pathetic body, whose enforced emigration to various parts of the British world represents perhaps an inevitable though not very creditable outcome of the war, and the tales of loyalist suffering, to be found here and elsewhere, are sufficient to arouse considerable indignation. Distinctly the most interesting entry is the first, a letter printed in full of the British Deputy Quartermaster-General, Capt. William Armstrong, in which he gives at considerable length his observations on conditions in America and what he conceives to be prevailing opinions and sentiments of the Americans on their present and future affairs. Few of them, he says,

> expect that the thirteen States will long remain under the same government, the ideas of the Eastern and Western States being so very different in every particular. Some people think they will be divided into two Governments or Kingdoms, divided by the Hudson River, others think into three Governments divided by the Hudson and Susquehannah Rivers. In a very short time they will take the Floridas from Spain, and tis more than probable they will not stop there.

"The Last Days of the Directoire," by Alfred Allinson (John Lane Co.), is a pleasant volume aiming "to present a vivid picture of the extraordinary years from 1795 to 1799." The author's motto is: *Aut Scissors aut Nullus*. Carlyle and Mignet jostle Lanfrey and Anatole France with long extracts. Whole pages from the Cambridge Modern History are diluted with passages from letters to a Lady of Fashion by a Lady, and the Souvenirs of My Last Voyage to Paris, by a Swiss gentleman. But this extraordinary mixture, totally in defiance of the canons of historical criticism and of orderly arrangement, is nevertheless entertaining reading. The descriptions of streets and buildings suggest a kind of historical Hare. The fifty illustrations are chosen chiefly to illustrate the costumes of the period.

In "The Royal Family in the Temple Prison" (Sturgis & Walton Co.), English readers may enjoy in translation the vivid journals of Cléry and the Abbé Edgeworth. Cléry, as valet, attended Louis XVI faithfully during the five months of imprisonment from his suspension from office on August 10, until his execution the following January. There is a certain fascination in his simple honest narrative describing the most trivial details of the king's last days. Abbé Edgeworth (cousin of Maria Edgeworth), who was with the King in his last hours and accompanied him to the guillotine, wrote one of the most authentic accounts of his heartrending separation from Marie Antoinette.

The "Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan" (Vol. XXXVI, parts ii and iii) contain two interesting papers, well fortified with scholarly references, by Dr. M. W. de Visser on the *tengu* (mountain sprites) and on the fox and badger in Japanese folk lore. Most valuable to the student of feudalism is Consul-General J. C. Hall's translation and interpretation, with critical commentary and comparison with the same epoch in Europe, of the Ashikaga code of feudal laws of 1336. The gem in this collection of papers is Walter Dening's review of three volumes on the Confucian philosophy in Japan by Professor Inouye Tetsujiro of the Imperial University. In these volumes, the result of eight years of labor, we have an exhaustive and trustworthy history of Japan's three great schools. No one can understand the Japan of to-day without some knowledge of the philosophy, which for above twelve centuries has moulded the mind of Japan, producing, besides other fruits, that high moral standard of everyday life with which foreigners accustomed to associate with Japanese gentlemen are so familiar. More immediately potent in furnishing the finest specimens of Japanese humanity, and particularly in equipping those minds which shaped the interior potency of the empire before Commodore Perry and which since have directed Japan's modern career, is the Oyomei philosophy. This was founded by the last of the great Chinese philosophers (1472-1529), who broke loose from the authority of the ancients and claimed the right to interpret nature and its laws in his own fashion. By the Oyomei system, the lack of idealism in the Japanese mind is corrected, as also its tendency to a narrow practicality. No other such lucid exposition of Japanese philosophic thought exists.

The most recent volume of the Wilhelm Ernst edition of Goethe's works, "Dramatische Dichtungen I," published also separately with the title "Goethes Faust, Gesamtausgabe," is a neat and handsome pocket edition of the drama printed in Latin type. As the second title indicates, it contains the "Urfaust," "Faust, ein Fragment," and "Faust, Erster Teil," and "Zweiter Teil," besides the "Paralipomena" and "Parerga." This chronological arrangement suggests the best way to read "Faust," if one would understand it and the literature that has grown up about it. First the text, so far as we know it, of the original manuscript which Goethe carried with him to Weimar in 1775, then the revised form in which he published a portion of it in 1790, finally the finished product which he left to the world, the First Part in 1808, the Second Part in 1832. Some readers will doubtless regret that such "Lesarten" as do not appear in any of these texts were not included, in order to make the critical apparatus complete. Especially is this true of the manuscript fragments now deposited in the Goethe Archives in Weimar. They are exceedingly difficult to decipher, and Schmidt's reading of them for the Weimar edition shows rare knowledge and skill, but he made a few mistakes that need to be corrected. The small number of variant readings of the important old editions would add to the usefulness of the book from the point of view of the scholar. However, the edition is evidently intended for the general reader. It is edited by the well-known Goethe scholar, Hans Gerhard Gräf, and published by the Insel-Verlag of Leipzig.

The number of women attending German universities as matriculated students during the present semester of 1909-1910 is 1,856; the number last year was 1,108, and only 254 three years ago, when women were excluded from all universities in Germany except Leipzig and Tübingen and those of Baden and Bavaria. The 1,856 female students are distributed among the different universities as follows, the numbers in parentheses indicating the attendance last semester: Berlin 633 (412), Munich 183 (148), Göttingen 160 (118), Heidelberg 142 (138), Bonn 135 (144), Freiburg 86 (90), Breslau 84 (64), Leipzig 59 (56), Königsberg 46 (30), Marburg 38 (33), Giessen 33 (30), Strassburg 28 (21), Halle 27 (26), Jena 24 (15), Tübingen 23 (9), Erlangen 19 (16), Kiel 18 (13), Würzburg 10 (9), and Rostock 3 (0). As to the studies pursued by these matriculates, more than half of them devote themselves to philosophy, philology, and kindred branches, namely, 975 (699); medicine 476 (371), mostly Russians; mathematics and natural science 287 (245); dentistry 46 (44); law 32 (23); cameralistics, political economy and agriculture 27 (42); evangelical theology 5 (4), and pharmacy 2 (4).

The whole number of matriculated students, male and female, in the twenty-one universities of the German empire is 52,407; last year there were 48,780, ten years ago 32,800, twenty years ago 28,000, and thirty years ago 20,000. In addition to these matriculates there are 3,314 men and 1,923 women hearers or so-called guest-auditors. Thus the full number of persons now in attendance is 57,644 (last year 53,728), of whom 27,244 are in Prussia, 9,082 in Bavaria, 4,101 in Baden, and 11,900 in the six universities of the other German states. Of the several universities Berlin has the largest number, 9,242 (8,041); then follow Munich, 6,537 (6,304); Leipzig, 4,761 (4,461); Bonn, 3,652 (3,282); Breslau, 2,405 (2,248); Halle, 2,393 (2,158); Göttingen, 2,230 (2,059); Freiburg, 2,167 (1,966); Strassburg, 1,995 (1,356); Heidelberg, 1,934 (1,841); Münster, 1,906 (1,737); Marburg, 1,878 (1,750); Tübingen, 1,760 (1,643); Jena, 1,496 (1,419); Würzburg, 1,424 (1,346); Königsberg, 1,367 (1,191); Kiel, 1,290 (1,103); Giessen, 1,261 (1,196); Erlangen 1,121 (1,090); Greifswald, 881 (786), and Rostock, 707 (685). Thus all the universities show a greater or less increase of students during the last year.

John Prentiss Hopkinson, founder of a well-known Boston school, died January 14 at Cambridge, Mass., aged sixty-nine years.

John Calvin Reed died at Montgomery, Ala., January 12, aged seventy-three years. He was a graduate of Princeton College (1854), and a member of the bar. He served during the civil war in the army of the Confederacy, being twice wounded. He was the author of "Georgia Criminal Law" (1873), "Conduct of Law Suits" (1875), "American Law Students" (1882), and "The Brothers' War" (1905).

Dr. Henry F. Bishop, at one time court dentist to the King of Hanover, and for thirty years in practice in Worcester, Mass., died January 14 in New York city, in his ninety-first year. He was born in Lisbon, Conn. After returning to this country from Germany, and retiring from practice, he gave his time to writing. One of his books was a "History of Lisbon, Conn., from Early Colonial Days."

The death is announced of Hugh MacColl, in his seventy-third year. He kept a school at Boulogne, but found time to do original work in logic and mathematics. Among his books is "Man's Origin, Destiny, and Duty."

William Earl Hodgson has died at Aberfeldy, Scotland. He was at one time editor of *Rod and Gun*, and was best known for his books on angling.

James Hannay, the Canadian historian, died at St. John, N. B., January 12, aged sixty-seven years. He was formerly a newspaper editor, and was the author of a

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"History of the War of 1812" and of a "History of Acadia" (1879). Other works were "Nine Years a Captive" (1875), "The Story of the One Hundred and Fourth Regiment" (1882), "The Story of the Queen's Rangers in the American Revolution" (1883), "The History of the Loyalists" (1893), and lives of L. A. Wilmot and S. L. Tilley, in the Makers of Canada series (1906). He was also a contributor of articles, fiction, and verse to magazines and newspapers, and he had edited the reports of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick in two volumes (1867-1872), and written "New Brunswick; Its Resources and Advantages" (1902); a "History of New Brunswick" (1905), and "New Brunswick Year Book" (1907). Recently he had completed a history of New Brunswick. Since 1905 he had been connected with the Archives Department of the Canadian government.

From Göttingen comes the news of the death of Dr. Johannes Merkel, professor of Roman and German civil law. Among his books are "Lehre von der Successio Graduum unter Intestaterben," "Quellen des Nürnberger Stadtrechts," and "Abhandlungen aus dem Römischen Recht."

Science.

Fertilizers and Manures. By A. D. Hall, F.R.S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

The paramount importance of improving methods of agriculture is recognized in all countries to-day more generally than it has ever been before. Even our sensational newspapers catch at every suggestion pointing to such improvements, and they give to the agricultural advice and warnings of our railway magnates scare headings in the type which they use for a revolution or a scandal. But it is more than likely that this modest volume which carries the wisest advice and the gravest warnings may pass without the attention it deserves.

The author is the director of one of the most interesting agricultural experiment stations in the world, Rothampsted, England. He is thoroughly familiar with the historical development of the subject of soil-fertilizers, and has, himself, made large contributions to it. He possesses a remarkable power of exposition and condensation, packing into small compass clearly stated facts. His lectures in Cornell University, which he delivered while on a visit to this country, have been freely drawn upon in the preparation of this treatise. He has also incorporated in it the substance of his Cantor lectures, so that the whole work has the attractive character which belongs to a stimulating lecture-course, and is never burdened by a useless technical terminology. But while it is thoroughly popular in its general character, it is fitted to go without change into the classroom as an authoritative text-book.

The parts of the volume which have most interest for the general reader are those concerned with the production of fertilizers by artificial means, especially by compelling the inert nitrogen of the atmosphere to unite with the oxygen or hydrogen of water. The most costly substance in the enrichment of the soil is combined nitrogen. Ordinarily, it is procured second-hand, so to speak, either from animal excreta or from other waste products, and the constant demand met by a diminishing supply has carried the price steadily upward. There is a roundabout, indirect method of using atmospheric nitrogen by means of certain plants of the pea-family, through the agency of microbes in the tubercles of the slender roots. This process is limited and special, applicable only to a comparatively few cases. Hence it has been a great desideratum to discover a general method by which the nitrogen of the air could be used on a grand, even an unlimited scale. On a small scale in numberless laboratories, both chemical and physical, this union had been brought about, but always hitherto at too great a cost to make the method practicable. Now, improved appliances for the utilization of water-power in the production of the electrical energy necessary for this chemical production have reduced the cost so much that it is no longer a question of dreaming. Practical work has begun. The new methods are here described briefly but clearly, and it is seen that we are on the eve of enormous changes in the production of certain fertilizers. In some instances, however, Mr. Hall cautions the reader not to be too sanguine in regard to the rosy outlook. Thus in speaking of the inoculation of soil by selected bacteria, he says: "So the picture of the farmer carrying the manure for a field in his waistcoat pocket and applying it with a hypodermic syringe, is still a vision of the future." When the author faces a very doubtful question he frankly states the difficulties, and postpones final decision, but he gives his own views in regard to the practical side of every matter without fear and without prejudice.

The work can be heartily recommended not only to students of agriculture, of every grade, but also to library farmers and parlor gardeners who wish to keep well informed as to recent progress in the improvement of soils.

W. H. R. Curtler's "Short History of English Agriculture" (Frowde), a book of 371 pages, suffers somewhat from compression, which gives dryness, and from occasional repetitions. It is, however, of about the length required by the American reader on the subject, while the general student will find it an instructive commentary on the modern brand of roseate historical novel. The tale of bad times and bad seasons is depressing. From the mediæval system of common lands to modern enclosures is a story of irresistible economic forces, under which the position of the agricultural laborer has been surprisingly little bettered. The author says a good word for English landlords, and seems to favor a return to the tariff. On this latter question some of our agricultural writers will take issue with him; yet we know nothing of the tremendous foreign competition which the British farmer, dairyman, and market-gardener have to face. The book gives interesting glimpses of the great figures of English agriculture, notably Jethro Tull, Arthur Young, and Coke of Holkham.

The French Academy has awarded the Lalande prize to M. Borrelly of the Marseilles Observatory; the Valz prize to M. de la Baume-Pluvinel, and the Pontécoulant prize to Prof. E. W. Brown of Yale University, for his work in the lunar theory.

Drama.

THE THEATRE OF IDEAS.

There are signs that playwrights and public are beginning to tire of what the Germans might characterize as the socio-economico-political drama. Our old friends, "questions of the day," still hold the stage, but the old zest is not there, and, by all accounts, neither are the old box-office receipts. We have had successful plays of late that have dealt neither with capital and labor, nor with dishonest bosses, nor with the iniquities of Wall Street. We have had plays of late that have attempted to deal with social questions of high importance, and have not been very successful. The trend seems to be away from the drama of what the advertisements describe as the burning question of the hour. The professional critic who would rather praise than blame may deplore the change. It was always possible to say that, while the new play had neither literary grace nor dramatic merit nor insight into character nor interest of any kind, the author evidently did have a message to deliver, and apparently did his best to deliver it. Many a halting and stupid piece owes whatever measure of success it has earned to the sole fact that it would be a very hard-hearted critic indeed who should refuse to give it a good word for tackling the question of the day, the hour, or the minute.

But there is one question of the day that has been generally overlooked. And that is, that when all is said and done, a stupid and ill-built play is a bad play, and no amount of contemporary social or political significance can make it anything but a bad play. The theatre among us has never suffered from a superfluity of ideas to an extent that would justify our sniffing at them. But there is all the difference in the world between putting ideas on the stage in adequate form, and putting on the stage in any form anything that the newspa-

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pers and militant magazines may be talking about; whether it be Christian Science or dress reform, child labor or breakfast foods. It is impossible to deny that the drift has been towards making the theatre a universal forum. It is also impossible to deny that the thing cannot be done, and that we are beginning to find it out. This is not the old question of what is morally fit or unfit for presentation on the stage. It is a question of what is unskilfully and unnecessarily put upon the stage. And the greater vice is the lack of necessity rather than the lack of skill. Is it really essential that the evils of tobacco-smoking or the bad effects of dancing on the heart should be discussed upon the stage? Mr. Bernard Shaw put the claims of the theatre in their most extravagant form before the recent British commission on the dramatic censorship. "If you prevent us from discussing crime and folly upon the stage," said Mr. Shaw, in substance, "then crime and vice will thrive in secret. If you keep us from showing up hypocrisy and folly on the stage, hypocrisy and folly will spread unchecked."

Now, in all this, there is a vast deal of nonsense. Mr. Shaw would simply have us believe that the theatre has come to be the sole organ of public criticism and debate among us. He mixes up two entirely different questions. Should the theatre be allowed to treat of anything it pleases? For the sake of argument, we may say, if it so desires, yes. *Must* the theatre treat of everything conceivable on the ground that the subject will not be taken up in any other way? The answer is obvious. We still have newspapers and periodicals. We still have printed books. We still have lecture platforms and a pulpit, even if some clergymen stand ready to confess that the theatre is the church of the future. In the face of the great, patent fact that we live in an age of shrieking publicity, it is absurd to maintain that if the dramatist is not permitted to tell us things, no one will. Mr. Shaw has grounds to argue that if he wrote "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and if enough people wished to see the play, they should have been allowed to do so. But he cannot seriously maintain that if his play had never seen the light, the facts upon which it is based would have remained hidden from a public among which yellow sheets circulate by the million and children of twelve weep over the wrongs of Evelyn Thaw. A play that is a poor play cannot claim to be a great one because it points out that we have immigrants and public schools, and that the children of the immigrants attend the public schools and learn to be good Americans. The point has been made before by commencement orators and even in newspaper editorials.

The modern theatre has reached out to embrace the entire round of human interest. Let it, if it can. But in trying to get everything in heaven and earth within the scope of its philosophy, it must remain true to the one elementary law of its being—it must interest. It does not matter whether it does so by purifying the emotions through "Hamlet" or by making us laugh with the slapstick. Let it use one or all of its bag of a thousand tricks. But a play that is a bore cannot claim salvation on the ground that it is a sermon. Mr. Shaw may any day decide to present us with a play in three acts dealing with the fact that in a right-angled triangle the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides. If Mr. Shaw can make the thing go, as he undoubtedly can if he tries; if he can win our sympathies for the hypothenuse as a fine, bold, revolutionary line that does not hesitate to take the shortest course between two points as contrasted with the cowardly, shuffling, round-about, thoroughly middle-class behavior of the other two sides of the triangle; if Mr. Shaw can do all this, he has written a play. But Mr. Shaw cannot suppose that without his play the principles of Euclid would be forgotten.

Francis J. Ziegler has translated "The Awakening of Spring," a tragedy of childhood, from the German of Frank Wedekind (Philadelphia: Brown Brothers). His labor might easily have been employed to better purpose. The piece is a particularly gross specimen of the degenerate drama, impracticable in form and matter for stage use, grotesque in its shallow and vulgar treatment of an exceedingly difficult physiological and sociological subject, and wholly insignificant except as proof of a diseased imagination. The flippant and coarse assurance with which Herr Wedekind decides in the affirmative a question which has puzzled some of the wisest minds of the ages furnishes a notable example of the folly which rushes in where angels fear to tread.

The revival of H. H. Davies's "The Mollusc" in the Empire Theatre, by Sir Charles Wyndham and the original London company, commands attention as an uncommonly good specimen of artistic comedy acting. When the piece was first produced here it was spoiled by the ineptitude of performers who failed to discern its finer qualities. Sir Charles, Miss Mary Moore, and their associates interpret it with a lightness of touch and a perfect naturalness which give plausibility to the story, while they do not distract from the delicate bits of character drawing and the frequent play of wit. Few cleverer or more veracious light comedies have been written in the last decade, and the representation is worthy of the play in its admirable proportion, fine finish, and artistic restraint. Miss Mary Moore is extraordinarily felicitous as the heroine. She is, indeed, the woman herself—while the part of Tom Kemp shows Wyndham at his best. But it is the perfection of the performance as a whole that is especially noteworthy.

The promised revival of "Twelfth Night" at the New Theatre on the 26th instant will be first excursion of that company into the domain of Shakespearean comedy. The announcement of the play awakens pleasant memories of past Violas—Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, Helena Modjeska, Adelaide Neilson, and others—of the exquisite Malvolio of Henry Irving, the richly comic Sir Andrew Aguecheek of John Baldwin Buckstone, the luscious Sir Toby of the lamented Wenman, and many others. Annie Russell is now to essay the part of Viola, while her husband, Oswald Yorke, will be the Malvolio. Mr. Calvert, who is chiefly responsible for the production, will be the Sir Toby, Ferdinand Gottschalk the Sir Andrew, Henry Stanford the Fabian, Leah Bateman Hunter the Olivia, and Jessie Busley the Maria. In many respects, this is a cast of admirable promise. The play will be presented in five acts and ten scenes. The scenery and costumes have been designed by E. Hamilton Bell, the theatre's art director.

"Nonotte et Patouillet," the three-act "fantasy," in verse, by the Belgian Albert du Bois, has just been presented at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, at Paris, where M. Lugné-Poe assumed the rather ungrateful part of Patouillet with fire and appropriate truculence. The piece is marred, according to the critic of the *Figaro*, by certain anachronisms and by a superfluity of paradox—also, it may well be, with squinting allusions to other Belgian poets, whom M. du Bois does not admire; such as Emile Verhaeren and M. Maeterlinck. The costumes are of the eighteenth century.

Music.

Hugo Wolf. By Ernest Newman. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

Fifty Songs by Hugo Wolf. Edited by Ernest Newman. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

When Hugo Wolf died, in 1907, a few of his 232 songs were sung by amateurs in Vienna and the cities of Germany, but to the world at large his name was unknown. He had been a great admirer and champion of Wagner, and it was through the instrumentality of the Wagner-Verein in Vienna that his reputation first began to spread. Further missionary work was done by the Hugo Wolf Societies, founded in that city and in Berlin; funds were collected for publishing his compositions and his letters, and four years ago Dr. Decsey completed an elaborate biography of Wolf in four volumes. The bibliography compiled by Mr. Newman for the volume of fifty songs edited by him includes twenty-six books and essays in German. In English there was nothing for him to record except his own writings, which is odd, because Wolf's songs have within the last five years won a prominent place in the programmes of our recital-givers.

It is extremely fortunate for Wolf that his music won for him the championship of so vivid and influential a

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change authorities may have wished to do, fair-minded men will recognize that there were certain obstacles in their way. One was the fact that Stock Exchange membership is a property right, and that to deprive a member of that right, without such proof of deliberate violation of the rules as should satisfy the courts, would probably have involved the Exchange in litigation. But proof of that nature was not easy to obtain. The original culprit—the man who was planning by a species of sharp practice to deceive the investing public into the false idea that genuine trading on a large scale, and a bona-fide advance of prices, were occurring in Rock Island stock—the governing committee could not reach. He was not a member of the Stock Exchange. If he had been a member, the board of governors, with the evidence already in their hands, would have been bound to visit upon him the most severe and humiliating penalties in their power.

Failing this possibility, they assumed on the part of the man's Stock Exchange agents knowledge of the nature of his orders, and punished them accordingly, but in such manner as to avert the probability of recourse to the courts. This is a precedent of great importance; furthermore, it is a warning to the rest of the Stock Exchange members that they will hereafter engage in operations of the sort at their own individual peril. Nor is there any guarantee, explicit or implicit, that the next offender will not be visited by severer penalties.

The other opinion referred to above is heard in some quarters of Wall Street. It objects to the action of the board of governors on two grounds—one, that the brokers had no means of knowing what was the character or purpose of the buying orders assigned to them for execution; the other, that whatever the brokers involved in the Rock Island scandal may have done, other Stock Exchange houses have time and again done the same thing with impunity. The answer to the first objection is that if these gentlemen did not know what they were doing, they were the only men in Wall Street who did not. The "Rock Island manipulation" had for weeks been flagrant, open, and impudent. There was not an office-boy within hail of the Stock Exchange who did not know that an unscrupulous "insider" was matching orders as closely as he dared; that in actual effect he was buying at fictitious prices from himself. The stock's performances had become the jest of clerks. But no one imagines that the author of the orders would have continued to pay commissions, had he not believed that he could successfully use the Stock Exchange facilities to delude the real investor into the notion that the sales were genuine and the prices bona fide. In other words, he was making the Stock Exchange, to all intents and purposes, an instrument of fraud.

There remains the objection: Other brokers did the same thing and were not punished; why, then, should this one house be disciplined, merely because something went askew with Rock Island's thimblerigging programme? There is a familiar ring to this logic; it might have been borrowed, almost verbatim, from the insistent *apologias* of Mr. Charles W. Morse. Morse had been so impressed with the spectacle of other people violating with impunity the Na-

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tional Bank Law that he proceeded to violate it himself, and when caught in the act, pleaded that he was no worse than they; that only an "accident" had brought him to the bar, and that he ought not to be punished. A certain maudlin sentimentality made itself visible in response to this appeal. The courts listened patiently, considered the matter soberly, and sent Mr. Morse to prison. They were quite aware, as were all other right-thinking people, that to refuse to punish a notorious offender, on the ground that other offenders had escaped, would be to turn the law into ridicule. Members of the Stock Exchange who have at heart the welfare and prosperity of their organization, and possibly its continued existence in its present form, are likely to take a similar view of the present case.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, J. Exposition and Illustration in Teaching. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Alexander, G. The Epistles to the Colossians and to the Ephesians. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Archer, G. L. Law Office and Court Procedure. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.
Ashmolean Museum Summer Guide. University of Oxford.
Bacon, J. D. The Biography of a Boy. Harper. $1.50.
Beecroft, W. I. Who's Who Among the Wild Flowers. Intro. by F. Duncan. Moffat, Yard. $1.20 net.
Bohan, E. B. The Drag-Net. Boston: C. M. Clark Pub. Co.
Bushnell, B. John Arrowsmith—Planter. Cedar Rapids, Ia.: Torch Press. $1.50.
Caine, H. "Why I Wrote 'The White Prophet.'" London: Collier & Co.
Canal Enlargement in New York State, and Related Papers. Buffalo Historical Society Publications. Vol. XIII.
Conlevain, P. de. On the Branch. Trans. by A. Hallard. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Crookes, W. Diamonds. Harper.
Douglas, A. P. The Dominion of New Zealand. Boston: Little, Brown. $3 net.
Grinnell-Milne, G. Tales from Tasso: Poems and Translations. London: David Nutt.
Hawes, C. H. & H. Crete the Forerunner of Greece. Harper.
Hecker, E. A. The Teaching of Latin in Secondary Schools. Boston: Schoenhof Book Co. 80 cents.
Janvier, T. A. Legends of the City of Mexico. Illustrated by W. A. Clark. Harper. $1.30 net.
John Martin's Letters for Children. Morgan Shepard.
Jones, F. N. Boccaccio and His Imitators. University of Chicago Press. 50 cents.
Lamb's Selected Essays of Elia. Edited by J. F. Genung. American Book Co. 40 cents.
Looking Upward Day by Day. Selections by E. V. Hammond. Dutton. $1.25 net.
McKinley, E. M. Pupil's Notebook and Study Outline in Roman History. American Book Co. 25 cents.
Mathews, R. V. The Lost Legion. E. C. Hill.
Mifflin, L. Flower and Thorn: Later Poems. Frowde.
Moore-Willson, M. The Seminoles of Florida. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Patch, K. W. The Sensitive Child. Moffat, Yard. 75 cents.
Patterson, C. B. A New Heaven and a New Earth. Crowell. $1.25 net.
Phelps, W. L. Essays on Modern Novelists. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Porter, W. H. A Shield Reversed. E. S. Gorham.
Proclus' Metaphysical Elements. Trans. from original Greek by T. M. Johnson. Osceola, Mo.
Reichert, E. T., and Brown, A. P. The Differentiation and Specificity of Corresponding Proteins and Other Vital Substances in Relation to Biological Classification and Organic Evolution. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Report of the Librarian of Congress and Report of the Superintendent of the Library Buildings and Grounds. For year ending June 30, 1909.
Schinz, A. Anti-Pragmatism. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Smith, E. R. Plane Geometry: Developed by the Syllabus Method. American Book Co. 75 cents.
Vinogradoff, P. Roman Law in Mediæval Europe. Harper.
Wiener, H. M. Essays in Pentateuchal Criticism. Oberlin, O.: Bibliotheca Sacra Co. $1.50.
Wigmore, J. H. A Pocket Code of the Rules of Evidence in Trials at Law. Boston: Little, Brown.
Williamson, C. N., and A. M. Lord Loveland Discovers America. Doubleday, Page $1.20.
Wines, F. H. Punishment and Reformation. New, enlarged edition. Crowell. $1.75 net.

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